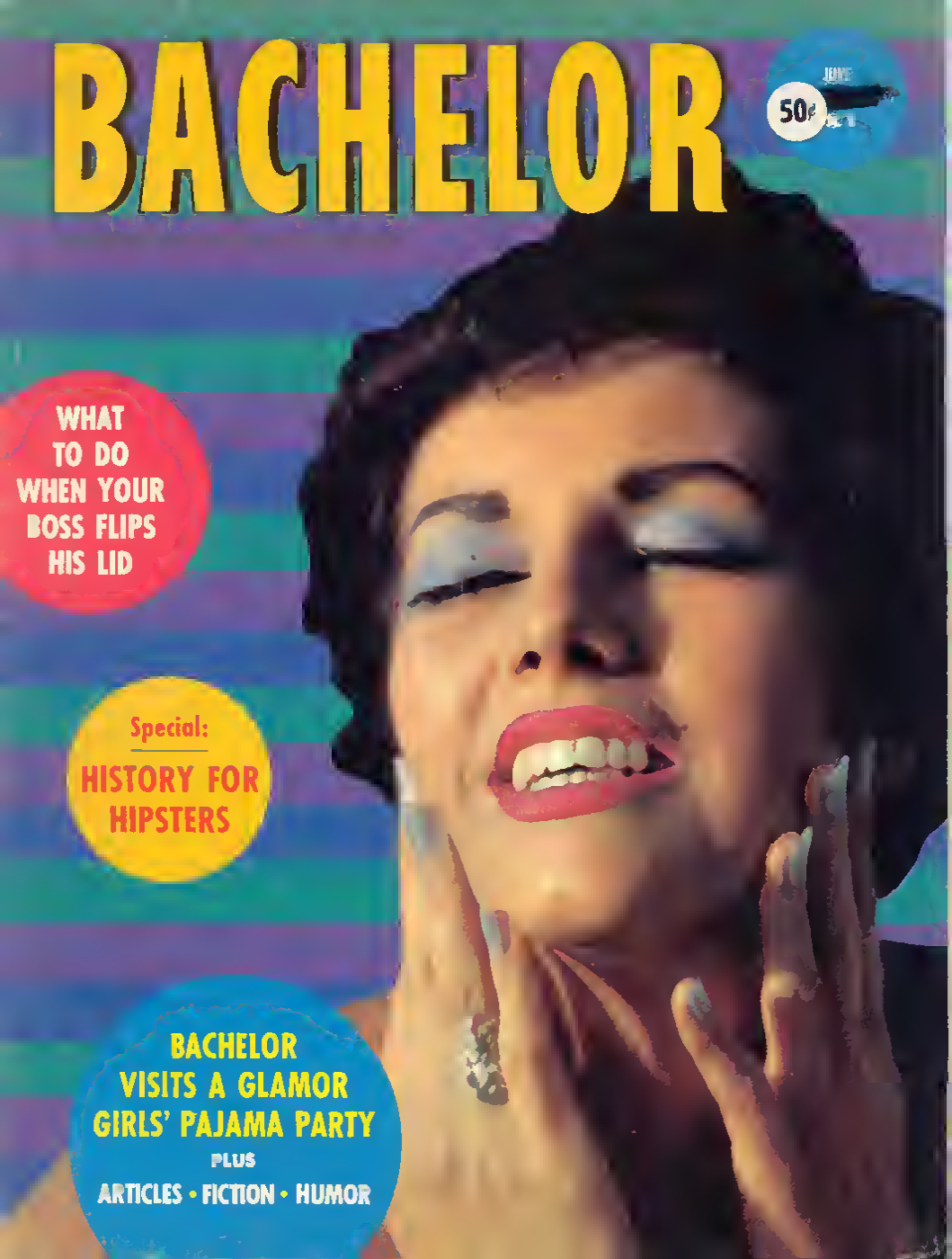
BACHELOR

JUNE

50¢



WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR BOSS FLIPS HIS LID

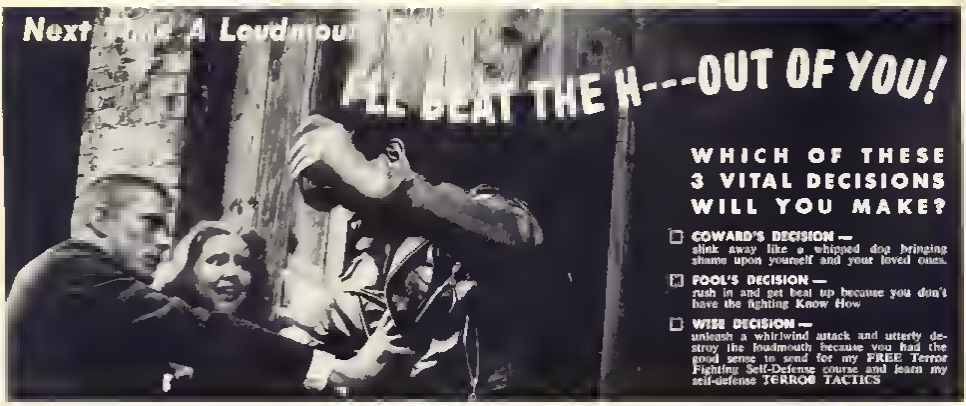
Special:

HISTORY FOR HIPSTERS

BACHELOR VISITS A GLAMOR GIRLS' PAJAMA PARTY

PLUS

ARTICLES • FICTION • HUMOR


Next Time A Loudmouth
I'LL BEAT THE H---OUT OF YOU!
WHICH OF THESE 3 VITAL DECISIONS WILL YOU MAKE?
COWARD'S DECISION — slink away like a whipped dog bringing shame upon yourself and your loved ones.
FOOL'S DECISION — rush in and get beat up because you don't have the fighting Know How
WISE DECISION — unleash a whirlwind attack and utterly destroy the loudmouth because you had the good sense to send for my FREE Terror Fighting Self-Defense course and learn my self-defense TERROR TACTICS

10 SECONDS THAT SEPARATE THE MEN FROM THE BOYS

11:00 P.M. — An argument in a parking lot. A big, burly wiseguy gets insulting and takes a swing at you. He's pretty sure of himself — sizes you up as a weak pushover who couldn't punch his way out of a paper bag. Your girl looks on, terrified that you'll be beaten up, maybe permanently injured. BUT . . .

11:00 P.M. PLUS 10 SECONDS — A Miracle! In a flash you streak forward — almost too fast for the eye to follow. The bully is down quivering in fear and writhing in pain — completely destroyed by the ferocious terror blitz you unleashed. This situation could happen to you. READ ON THIS PAGE HOW IN JUST DAYS YOU CAN ACQUIRE THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF 5000 YEARS OF RUTHLESS TERROR FIGHTING TACTICS —ABSOLUTELY FREE!—TAKE ON ANYBODY—ANYTIME—ANYPLACE AND *WIN!*

POLICE FILES REVEAL: 590,020 Burglaries, 61,410 Robberies, 100,110 Assaults, 21,080 Rapes, 6,920 Murders ALL IN A SINGLE YEAR!

IF ATTACKED — WHAT WILL YOU DO?

A BURGLAR IN YOUR HOME AFTER DARK!

Your family needs protection. Don't fail them. Here in this free book are the night fighting tactics you need to hold a burglar helpless until police arrive. Here are the methods of the Commandos who fought by night

A WOMAN TOO —

Can use the secrets in this free book and handle a man twice her size who tries to get fresh or WORSE. In seconds she can completely ruin any dirty dog who tries to lay a hand on her

RISARM ROBBERS: —

Why give your money to some hoodlum. Here you will find terror-tactics that in a flash will enable you to make him drop his weapon and writhe in pain. Any one dumb enough to tangle with a Weider Trained Terror Fighter will regret his mistake from a hospital bed or jail cell.

FEAR NO MAN IN JUST 24 HOURS

This absolutely free Terror-Fighting Course that I am anxious to send You shows how to swiftly start using my Terror-Fighting Secrets and Flattee set any Thug, Mug, Wiseguy or Bully — even if he's Tough, Trained and twice your size — Make him ABSOLUTELY HELPLESS IN SECONDS

FREE!

FOR MEN WHO WANT TO BE FEARLESS — A NEW TERROR FIGHTING COURSE 10 TIMES MORE EFFECTIVE THAN BOTH KARATE AND JUDO COMBINED — NOW YOURS — FREE FOR *THE ASKING!*

WHAT'S THE SECRET?

NOT SIZE — NOT POWER — NOT STRENGTH!

I don't care if you're 15 or 50. Skinny, Fat or Under size — if you've always been scared of your shadow — always "chickened out" — never faced up to a fight in your life — get weak in the knees and run — I PROMISE YOU THAT IN 24-HOURS I can give you the TERROR FIGHTING SECRETS that will turn you into a Fierce Human Arsenal of Fighting Power — giving you the cool confidence to walk through the toughest streets in late hours with the destructive force of a tiger stalking jungle paths — flattening and pulverizing in a split second with one jab of your finger any 200-lb brute who is foolish enough to attack you — with one chop disarm any hood or break the strangle hold of any thief. No eight-crawling thug will ever be dumb enough to break into your house nor any wise guy ever insult or lay hands on your loved ones or you — if he is still conscious after you've used the secrets that I am willing to send you FREE in this book. NEVER AGAIN FEAR ANY MAN—WIN WITH WEIDER

After 20 years of research and at a cost of $200,000 into History's Most Terrifying No-Holds Barred Survival Struggle for Power — Going back into 5000 centuries of terrifying combat secrets known to man, from the destructive fighting methods of the Hindu and Japanese Killer Cults Temples from the merciless Nahuatan Indians to the Foot Fighters of the French underworld to the religious fanatic Assassins of the middle east to the Waterfront dockers, Lumbercamps to the private files of the Commandos, Police Departments etc, I have learned that the secret of fighting power is not in the weight and muscles but just simple plain "KNOW-HOW". These "KNOW-HOW" secrets taken from all these fighting systems stretching 5000 years are now for the first time known to man, put into one course that I am anxious to send to you showing how you and your family in just 15 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home can learn to master all these closely guarded secrets of the Karate, Savate, Judo exponents and masters to turn you into a Terrifying fighting machine. Take advantage of this once-in-a-lifetime limited free offer and —

YOU CAN BECOME A DESTRUCTIVE SELF-DEFENSE TERROR FIGHTER IN JUST 30 DAYS!

says JOE WEIDER *Acknowledged World's No. 1 Trainer of Champions!*

Take care of yourself — Anytime — Anywhere — in any and all situations. Never again fear any man, nor turn away from a challenge

RUSH COUPON FOR FREE BOOK. Get this amazing booklet. It opens, for the first time, the door to 5000 years of amazing self-defense terror fighting tactics that can turn you into a terrifying fighter in days! Yours while the supply lasts!

BE THE "ONE-MAN-IN-A-THOUSAND" TO MASTER ALL THESE SECRETS OF HISTORY'S MOST FEROCIOUS FIGHTERS.

My course teaches you how to use the Foot Fighting Secrets of the French Underworld, the Methods of the Samurai Warriors of Old Japan who killed with bare hands and feet; ASSASSINS — religious fanatical killers; CARIBS — savage natives; ROUGH AND TUMBLE fighters — the most ruthless tactics from the docks, dives and waterfronts of the toughest towns.

PLUS shocking secrets of hideous Vandals, Thugs, ferocious Aztecs — Vicious Karate-kan Commandos, Jungle Fighters — Boxing — Wrestling — Secret Police Methods and other destructive self-defense secrets never before revealed.

PLUS this and MORE in New Complete Terror-Tactics Fighting Course

MAIL NOW . . . FOR FIGHTING SECRETS!

JOE WEIDER, Trainer of Champions — Dept. 515 BTC
805 Palisade Ave., Union City, N. J.

Yes Joe! I never again want to be "Weak In The Knees" and 'Chicken Out' when insulted and attacked. I need your self defense secrets that you reveal in your free booklet "How To Be A Destructive Self Defense Fighter In Days". I am enclosing 25-cents to help cover the cost and handling of the booklet which is guaranteed to do all you say or I can get my money back.

NAME _____ AGE _____

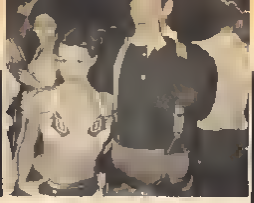
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ If under 15 yrs. of age parents must sign here

Canadians: 2 We det. 2875 Peter Rd. Montreal, Que.

BACHELOR



FORMERLY MEN IN ADVENTURE

JUNE, 1961
VOL. 2, NO. 4

TED GOTTFRIED
editor

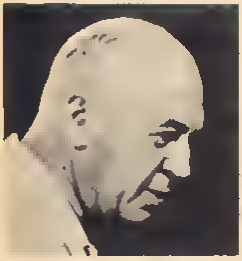
ANGELO JONN
art director

NANK GROSS
associate editor

contributing editors

MORTON J. GOLDING

LARRY DAHH • KEH HORLE



BACNELOR SPECIALS

WHAT TO DO WHEH YOUR BOSS FLIPS — Article by George Morton 10
HOLLYWOOD'S WILDEST WINGDIHG — Pictorial Exclusive 19
MAN WNO RROKE TNE CENSOR'S RACK — Article by Claude H. Janneck 24
GRAHDMA WAS A PATSY — Article by Charles V. Nemo 62
THE SHAVIHG GRACE — Article by Grant Hickly 68

RACHELOR TALES

THE DOG WHO FLUSHED QUAIL — By Samuel Meldorf 8
PLAYIHG THE SYMROLS — By Peter Kirkland 14
THE HAKED TRUTH — By Connie Sellers 4D
THAT SPECIAL IHSTIHCT — By Jack Hunvaldo SD

RACNELOR GIRLS

VIKINGS HEVER NAD IT SO GOOD — Scandinavian Gallery 2B
NEW GIRL IN TOWN — Glamor Pictorial 42
WHAT'S TNE QUESTION? — Beauty Satire 46
THE ART OF REING WATCNED — Onstage Feature 54
GLAMOR GIRLS' PAJAMA PARTY — Beauty Gallery 64

BACHELOR-AT-PLAY

TNE VIDEO SYHDROME — TV by Larry Powell 18
PETTERS' PARADISE — Movies by Jay Martin 3D
TNE NIGNT CLUR ROSOMS RUILT — Entertainment Feature 36
TNAT EVIL MAY PERISN — Pictorial Exclusive SR

RACNELOR LAUGHS

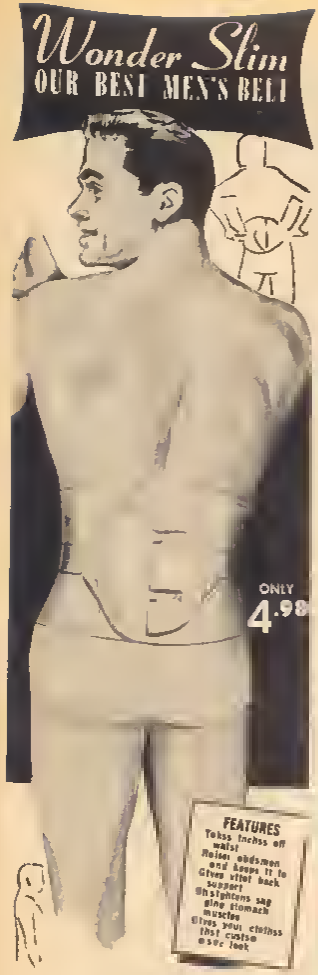
THE IHCREDIBLE SHRIHKIHG GIRL — Glamor Pictorial T2
THE THUMB SUCKER — Illustrated by Harry Hurwitz 17
HISTORY FOR HIPSTERS — Satire by Jack Anthony 31
SIHHERS' GRAVEYARD — Humorous Epitaphs 44
SEX-CLUSIVE — Book Bonus S6

RACNELOR'S WORLD

POST TIME — Letters to the Editor 4
THE LOHG-PLAYIHG BACHELOR — Record Reviews by Ken Noble 6
BACHELOR'S ROOKSHELF — Book Reviews by Larry Dann 23
RACNELOR'S APARTMENT — Potables 'n' Edibles by M. J. Golding 53
NANDROOK FOR MARRIED RACNELORS — Humor by Hank Gross 61
GAGS FOR STAGS — Humor Potpourri 71

Cover Photo by Ron Vogel

BACHELOR, formerly Men In Adventure, Vol. 2, No. 4, June 1961. Published quarterly by Magtab Publishing Corporation, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York. Price per copy 35c. Subscriptions $1.40 per year of four issues in the United States, its possessions and Canada. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and Rockville, Maryland. Postage must accompany all material submitted if it is to be returned, and no responsibility will be assumed for unsolicited materials of any kind. Advertising representatives The Ephraim Company, 10 East 44th Street, New York 17, N.Y. Printed in U.S.A.



WORKS WONDERS FOR YOUR BACK

LOOK SLIM — FEEL TRIM

Wonder Slim is a new kind of men's supporter belt Its ingenious contour design follows nature's own lines—permits remarkable freedom of movement Its patented sliding back panel makes it the easiest belt to put on provides quick as a flash' adjustment for constant perfect fit No uncomfortable crotch Scientific no pressure boning flattens the bulge gently but firmly Sliding back provides support just where you need it fos youthful posture Fights the feeling of fatigue Made of super test herringbone twill Waist sizes 26 44—Only $4 98 Try it at our risk

S J Wegman Co Dept WG 32
Lynbrook N Y
Rush my Wonder Slim back supporter at once If I am not 100% satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of the full purchase price
Waist Size inches
Send C O D I'll pay postman $4 98 plus a few cents postage
I enclose $4 98 payment and save postage Same Guarantee
Name
Address

CURTAIN CALL

Dear BACHELOR Editor,

Thanks for the fine piece by Harry Gregory, "Too Hot For Broadway" in your last issue, which dealt with the controversial play "The Balcony" It was this article which prompted me to go to see the show, and it was to this article that I returned afterwards for aid in interpreting what I saw

I must confess that, while it was enjoyable, most of the philosophy behind "Genet's black masterpiece" eluded me entirely, although the woman sitting next to me giggled through the whole thing, so maybe I'm just thick when it comes to appreciating humor

At any rate it was an amusing play, and my enjoyment of it was greatly heightened by your article on it Hope you will print more of same

F C , Bronx, N Y

Dear BACHELOR Editor,

Re Harry Gregory's article in your last issue I take violent issue with his superficial dismissal of the perversions presented as part of "The Balcony's" plot He seems to deliberately inject such fetishes as necrophilia, flagellation, narcissism, sexual sacrilege, fallacio, and Lesbianism into the article merely for the sake of sensationalizing the story when in fact there is no basis whatever for so doing True, some of these perversions did appear in the play, but they were presented not for their own sake, as Mr Gregory would have you believe, but as a distinct and artistic way of conveying a deeper overall theme, to wit That society is sick and getting sicker, and that the bordello, far from being a house of degeneration, is a symbol of mankind's only hope to pull itself out of the mire before it's too late The technique of psychodrama by which this is accomplished is considered a valid psychiatric tool, and this Mr Gregory completely neglects

S L , Flint, Mich

FICTION FARE

Dear BACHELOR Editor,

Fiction is tops, especially the story by Connie Sellers, "Jasmine Are Out Of Season" Hope we see more of her stuff

A L , Fountaine, Neb

Connie is a "he," not a "she" And we're as pleased with his stories as you are *See page 40 in this issue for another one*

Dear BACHELOR Editor,

The men of dear old U of Pa , usually staid and stalwart, unemotional and damn particular about whom they praise, salute you

Your last issue was well-stocked with some of the best fiction we've seen in any men's mag yet

J C , Phila , Pa

CASTING COUCH

Dear BACHELOR Editor,

It was heartening to read the article in your last issue, "T V 's Casting Couch" I know from my own unfortunate experience that behind the scenes T V is a madhouse of lecherous producers Five years ago I, too, was one of those budding hopefuls to whom a particular casting director took a liking—and I don't mean in a professional sense either Much to my eternal shame, I wanted a career badly enough and I gave in Well, I never got my career

A K , Rowayton, Conn

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said: "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of English"?*

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept **E-126** , 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

EACH GIRL RISKS IT

No woman is safe (*or really wants to be*) when a man's mind is in the bedroom Sex the tempting, puffed-up featherbed to be despoiled! Hear the irrepressible squeals of pleasure! Those to whom bedtime has come to mean "bed and bored" will find "bed and better" Thousands are now enjoying *Rollicking Bedside Fun*, and you will too, when you possess this ideal bedside companion Here's entertainment for open minds and ticklish spines Here's lusty, merry recreation for unsqueamish men and women. Here's life with apologies to none Collected, selected from the best there is, this zestful Primer is an eye-opener YOU ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE THE PLEASURE PRIMER 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE IT IS GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR PURCHASE PRICE WILL BE REFUNDED AT ONCE!

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

PLEZA BOOK CO Dept. P-916
160 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y

Please send THE PLEASURE PRIMER on 10-day trial If I'm not pleased, I get my purchase price refunded at once

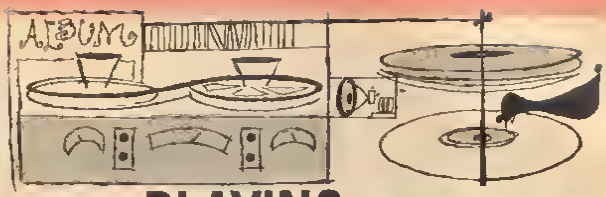
☐ Send C.O.D I'll pay postman 98c plus postage

☐ I enclose $1 You pay all postage

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....



LONG PLAYING BACHELOR

BY KEN NOBLE

THAT'S RIGHT! (Riverside) Subtitled Nat Adderley and the Big Sax Section, jazz buffs will dig this new offering by Nat and the boys With Nat on cornet, Cannonball on alto sax, Yusef Lateef, Jimmy Heath and Charlie Rouse on tenor saxes, a rhythm section comprised of Wynton Kelly, Sam Jones and Jimmy Cobb, you can't hardly go wrong! The title number is great—the blues chorus by Nat, backed with the rich, round sound of the saxes comes through real big Fast becoming an important "name" in Jazz, Nat Adderley shows why on this one

STRATUSPHUNK GEORGE RUSSELL SEXTET (Riverside) George Russell, well-known as an outstanding composer, arranger and teacher, formed this group in the summer of 1960 with the distinct purpose of being able to hear tangibly the musical concepts he is trying to express This is contemporary music in the style of Thelonius Monk, et al The selections, described at the recording session as "21st Century Soul Music" are strongly Russell-influenced His blending of earthiness or funk with far out ideas are interesting and perhaps introduce a new addition to jazz

BLUES MOODS BLUE MITCHELL (Riverside) When Blue Mitchell plays his trumpet everyone should stop and listen! This guy can do no wrong with his horn As the title suggests, this is Blue in a mood but the moods are many, and musically, all good Whether he's blowing hot, soulfully, drivingly, rousingly or bluer-than-blue, his skill and confidence are always apparent The ballad "When I Fall In Love" is given a strangely beautiful interpretation only a sensitive musician could achieve He's backed by a strong rhythm section including Wynton Kelly on piano, Sam Jones on bass and Roy Brooks on drums but it's Blue's record all the way!

BOMBASTICA! (Jazzland) was recorded in Stockholm, Sweden, by the Werner-Rosengren Swedish Jazz Quartet Playing original compositions by Swedish composers, this is a good example of the American influence on Swedish jazz Lars Werner plays a mean piano and Bernt Rosengren plays an impressive tenor sax, at times reminiscent of Sonny Rollins A swinging group well worth listening to

THE JAZZ BROTHERS MANGIONE BROTHERS SEXTET (Riverside) The Mangione brothers, Chuck on trumpet and Gap on piano, and the four other musicians which make up this sextet are a young, vibrant and welcome addition to the current jazz scene All in their early twenties, they show remarkable skill and polish you'd ordinarily expect to find in more seasoned performers As a group, they understand what each is doing, the end result being perfect coordination between them As for the seven numbers on this program, each one was chosen to give the boys an opportunity to display their versatility Starting off with a soul-type number called "Something Different," they tackle intricate, complex ideas and wind up with an unusual arrangement of "Girl Of My Dreams"

THE CANNONBALL ADDERLEY QUINTET AT THE LIGHTHOUSE (Riverside) One of the fastest moving groups in the business today, Cannonball Adderley and his quintet are presented here in a live on-the-spot recording that swings Taped at The Light-House, a jazz night spot in California's L.A., the boys render each selection with an expertness rarely heard on live pick ups Good, solid performances by all

###

Albert Dorne

Norman Rockwell

Al Parker

Jon Whitcomb

Austin Briggs

Ben Stahl

Fred Ludekens

Robert Fawcett

Harold Von Schmidt

Dong Kingman

Peter Helck

Stevan Dohanos

*We're looking for people who like to draw

If you like to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get top-notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves were able to learn only through long and successful experience.

Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting — lessons that anyone could take right in their own homes and in their spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago, today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of 3 Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Lee Ashby of Toronto writes: "I'm losing count but I believe I've painted 80 and sold 60 pictures since beginning your wonderful course."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

Send For Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12 page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now our school offers it free and will grade it free. People who reveal talent through this test are eligible for professional training by the School. Simply mail the coupon today.

Famous Artists Schools
Studio 5354 Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

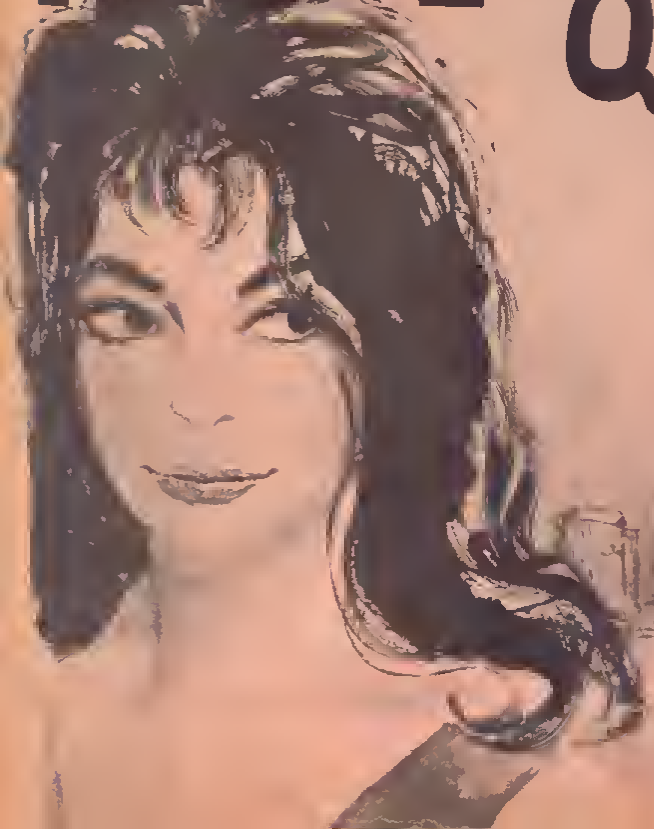
Mr
Mrs. _____ Age ____
Miss (PLEASE PRINT)

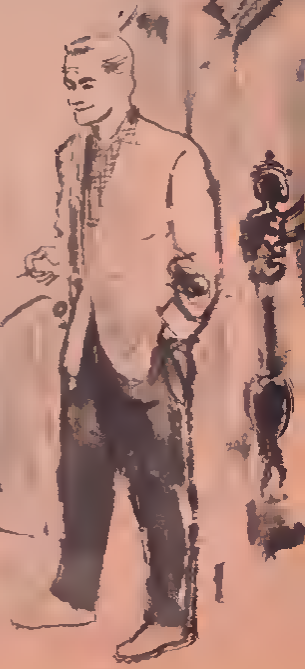
Address _____

City _____ Zone ____

County _____ State ____

The DOG WHO FLUSHED QUAIL





Long John was a bachelor's dream dog. All he had to do was meet a girl and he could tell if she was willing. And then Long John slipped!

BY SAMUEL MELDORF

LONG JOHN looked like an ordinary dachshund To the disinterested eye he was just a long, sleek, black hound dog, with droopy ears, sad eyes and short legs He possessed, however, one peculiar personality trait He was noticeably erratic In his reaction to the human female His owner admitted this strange quirk one month after having acquired him

Robert Willis was a bright young man Tall, charming, handsome in a Gary Cooperish way, he was the answer to the prayers of many a sweet young thing Born and bred in New York, he was a Harvard graduate with a Madison Avenue job and a Greenwich Village apartment At twenty-eight he was still unmarried, and completely satisfied with the status quo The manner in which he became the happy owner of Long John is interesting He had a friend, a bachelor in similar circumstances who lived two blocks away in the Village, who approached him with Long John in tow one summer afternoon

"Hey Bob," his friend said brightly, "how would you like to have a dog?"

"I wouldn't Why do you ask?"

"Well, you're my friend, Bob, so I guess I better lay it on the line I've got to get rid of this animal! He's running my life, but I just can't bring myself to have him destroyed I mean, he's such a sweet little mutt"

Long John, meanwhile, had settled himself contentedly between Bob Willis' legs, and was licking the tip of his shoe

"He looks friendly enough How can he be running your life?"

His friend sighed "Oh he's friendly, all right—to most people Seldom barks loves to be petted He only has one annoying habit He growls at women He has completely destroyed my sex life! Once I get rid of him, I'm going to have to start from scratch"

Bob laughed and bent down to pet Long John The dog rolled over on his back ecstatically and smiled, extending his tongue in an attempt to lick Bob's hand

"You mean he's a man's dog?"

"And how! Just last night he ruined the best possibility I've had in the past six months After I had all the groundwork laid, too Gorgeous redhead Scared her half off her nut growling Finished me with her, but good!"

"So what makes you think I want this problem?" Bob asked, still scratching the dog

'I figure you've got the woman situation licked before he can even get started Besides, maybe he's got a complex about me or something You know, wants me all to himself"

"Sure, sure!" Bob laughed again, but secretly he was intrigued It was true—he had no diffi- (Cont p 76)

WHAT TO DO WHEN

Neurotics are running rampant in the executive suite these days, but don't despair: Special headshrinkers and sanatoriums for sick-sick-sick brass keep big biz going!

YOUR BOSS FLIPS HIS LID

BY GEORGE MORTON

JOHN B IS the president of a large New York advertising firm For a long list of clients, he buys millions of dollars worth of time on television and radio plus large amounts of space in newspapers and magazines Along with other top Madison Avenue agency heads, John B helps control what you read, what you see, what you hear

Ordinarily, there'd be nothing very astonishing about this The fact that advertising agencies influence all forms of communications has been documented many times But John B is a special case

For this particular agency head is half off his rocker! He is bugs, a kook, has flipped his very important lid

Although John B's case is special, it is far from unique Actually, he's one of a growing number of nuts and semi-nuts with top executive positions How do they do it? Easy Each night they stay in one of several private mental hospitals scattered about North America When morning rolls around again, it's back to the executive suite

Advertising is far from the only field in which this sort of thing goes on Many top bankers, industrial heads, legal experts and others have bees in their brass bonnets It seems to be true, however, that there's something about the ad game which causes it to contribute more than its fair share of kooks

But how can a flip get to be in charge of an important business? Obviously, he hasn't yet gone off his rocker at the time he takes command It is after he is installed in the front office that the pressure of business or personal life pushes him off the deep end

In the case of John B, this happened about three years after he guided his firm to a high position in a rough and competitive industry The top members of his staff were the first ones to notice that something was wrong Their boss was starting to become anxious and upset, he avoided major decisions and blew up over small trifles

At first the staff hoped that the situation would improve by itself From John B's secretary, they learned that his doctor had put him on tranquilizers They figured that this plus a month's vacation in the Caribbean would do the trick

It didn't Instead, things got progressively worse

When John B got back from his trip, he began staying away from his office whenever an important meeting was due to take place When he did come in, he might sit behind his desk for hours staring vacantly into space, his knuckles pressed against his forehead The atmosphere in the firm was becoming tense and unbearable It was getting to be a miserable place to work

Above all, the staff realized that the very life of the agency was being threatened If the situation remained unchanged, the business would fall apart within a year or two

One day when John B was out, they called a staff meeting and decided to take steps

"The first thing," an account executive said, "is to get the chief examined by a specialist None of us knows enough about psychiatry to pinpoint his problems Once we learn exactly what's wrong, we can decide what to do about it"

"But how can we get John to agree to an examination?" the agency copy chief asked

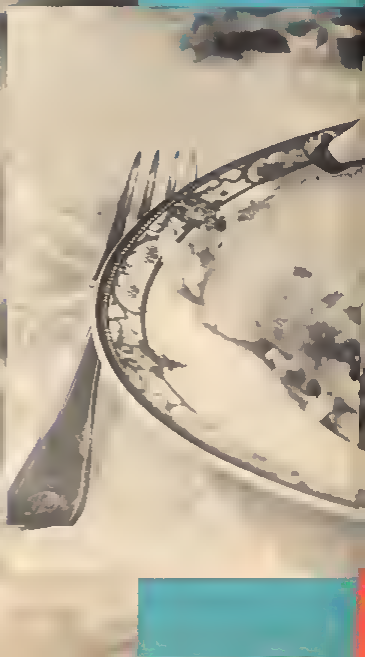
"By introducing the doctor as a prospective client That way he can observe him under normal conditions"

The psychiatrist spent several hours with John B, then gave the staff his conclusions "Your boss is suffering from a severe case of anxiety depression I don't know how much you know about his home life, but I would be very surprised if his marital

(Continued on p 80)

The Incredible Shrinking Girl

If you think it's a neat trick for a beauty to shrink to the size of a cigarette and still keep all her curves and such, consider how much harder it is when she's also the photog!



for the complexion like

PLAYING THE SYMBOLS

BY PETER KIRKLAND

I'D NEVER have given in to Pam if she hadn't tipped me off on how to use the sexual urge to sell office supplies Considering that I'd held out against anything as restrictive as matrimony for eight glorious, girl-filled years, I think my Pam did pretty well for herself

I fell first, my best friend Doug Frost didn't surrender for days, but Pam's room-mate Penny won him in the end

It was the idea that Pam gave me that induced my boss Hugo Schnitzerman to boost my salary way up and make me a vice president besides The title didn't mean much but the extra money made it possible for me to marry the girl responsible for the development of the fantastically successful Flesh-Colored Paper Clip

It was all a matter of Symbolic Meaning You know, there was a book about it recently A guy can be happily married, but deep down he sees a snazzy, umpteen horsepower convertible as a sexy mistress and his old four-door hardtop as just another woman So, he goes and buys another hard-top on account of he has to keep the family safe, but all the time he's *thinking* of that bouncy convertible

Now, nobody ever dreamed that you could do that sort of thing with office supplies and old Schnitzerman ran his business honest and efficient and sold everything at the lowest price he could The trouble was, his competition was doing the same thing and my boss was losing his shirt He hired me to save the sinking ship because I'm an accomplished liar

FICTION

I'm a phoney when it comes to getting a new job, but I like Schnitz and I really tried to come up with something. That's when I met Pam. She was sent over by a secretarial service to type up my sales suggestions. Since my mind was a steady blank, she passed the time throwing our product across the room to see how many she could land in the waste paper basket.

When she used up all the clips she had in her desk, Pam walked to me and pulled open my drawer to see if there was any more ammunition. As it happened, there was nothing to be had but one king-sized paper clip—a size we couldn't sell to save our lives.

"Mmm," said Pam, "sexy, sexy." She let it dangle between her thumb and forefinger, then tilted her wrist so the clip stood straight up. (*Continued on next page*)

PLAYING THE SYMBOLS

continued

Of course, I had never looked at a paper clip quite like that, but Pam noticed the Symbolism right off That's how her mind works She was right, too We didn't know each other very well at that time but I kissed her and had her type a long memo to the advertising manager Than I pushed into Schnitzerman's office, told him all was saved and dashed back to work out the details of our sales promotion campaign The sexy paper clip had been invanted, now to spread the word

There was one rugged little problem left Our brand of paper clips looked exactly like every other paper clip on the market Or, to put it another way, once you had the customers thinking right—all paper clips would look sexy to them Somehow our product had to look sexier than anybody else's I was back where I started from, but Pam went ahead and solved the problem

"Make it" she said, "flesh colored, like the real thing" It was that simple for her So, our factory started to turn out billions of flesh-colored paper clips of varying sizes and our ads changed to glorious technicolor, featuring a strategically placed paper clip which was neatly drawn in to look as if the magazine page really had a metal clip on it.

It wasn't the clip alone that did the trick, the pretty girls in pajamas helped No matter what they were seen doing in the ad, that Schnitzerman flesh-colored paper clip meant something to them Sometimes they were falling over onto their backs at the sight of it, other times they were reaching out with both hands and pulling it towards themselves My, how they loved the product in those ads

In fact, everybody loved the product Secretaries read the message in popular magazines and found they somehow weren't happy using any other brand of paper clip Typists saw the ads in their confession magazines and used their lunch hour and their own money to buy a box for office use They didn't quite know why, but no other brand made them feel quite as happy at their desks Career women ordered them by the tens of thousands for the whole office, and married part-timers wouldn't work in an office that didn't have them One and all, maids and matrons, they stored their Schnitzerman flesh-colored paper clips in the center drawer of their desk, above their knees I didn't think much of this detail until Pam explained, then I understood This, too, had *Meaning*

That's how it went Everybody wanted our product and, more and more, secretaries demanded the larger sizes Larger paper clips mean bigger profits, and added to the fact that Schnitzerman had a practical monopoly on the clip market after my idea went into effect, I was the pride of the firm, the man responsible for it all Pam married me and we settled down to a life of easy and regular spending I went into the office every day, but no one expected me to do anything My job was done, the profits would roll in forever

Pam liked the real thing What she had looked for in office symbols, she found at home in bed We had a grand time until her old friend Penny, who was now Doug Frost's wife, told her that she was betraying the hard-won status of womanhood by giving up all intellectual exercise in favor of the purely physical bounce and tumble that Pam found so much fun

Pam continued to bounce and tumble but she also began to nag me for not letting her help in my professional life Since my work at this point consisted of picking up pay checks and depositing them, I couldn't figure what help she could give It must be, I concluded, *Symbolic Unrest,*

I figured Pam really wanted something I wasn't giving her, so, her being so fond of indirect hints, she complained that *she* wasn't doing enough for *me* Once I had that figured out, all I had to learn was what it was that she wanted After the paper-clip episode, it seemed to me that Pam's own behavior would be the best clue

For example, that snazzy convertible I mentioned If a guy gives his wife a convertible for her birthday, it might mean he wants her to behave like a mistress instead of a dowdy matron Again, if a wife goes and gives her husband six dozen neckties you can see what's on her mind on account of, if you look at it symbolically, a necktie means about the same as does a king-size flesh-colored paper clip Pam got lots of *that* so I watched and waited for the right symbol like other people wait for a bus

We lived happily ever after her birthday That's when everything became clear to me Not all of a sudden, you understand, but a little, then a little more, then a big flash of understanding

It started that morning when I took her shopping for her present Other husbands surprise their wives with nice things, but we were different because the sexy paper-clip business brought in a lot of money and Pam could buy anything she liked, anytime she liked So we went downtown together in hopes of finding something meaningful to celebrate the joyous occasion

Actually, the occasion wasn't too joyous since her good friend Penny had been chewing her ear about me not providing the emotional security a man should on account of Pam being the one with the ideas like the flesh-colored clip and even the idea me and Pam should get married in the first place But I pretended to be light hearted and cheerful because, as I said, it was her birthday

Pam said we had everything sophisticated that we wanted and she led me around the odd corners of the department store and we ended up in the toy department with a million toddlers and their guardians My wife was pretty impatient with the whole thing until we came to the Games section and then she said she wanted a $1.95 ping pong set

Pam and I have a much better game we play, but she stuck to her request and said that the set was the only thing she wanted for her present I shelled out $1.95 and, because I wanted to add some idea of my own, I paid $55 for a table to go with the $1.98 equipment That was it, so far, and we went away

We visited a good restaurant and a musical comedy to celebrate her natal day a little more We had a fair time, but Pam obviously wished to get home I hoped she wanted what I wanted so, once in the house, I pulled her towards our bedroom, but she held back and we sat a while on the livingroom sofa They say married people don't neck, but we do—all the time Then I remembered it was a special day and pulled her across my knees, face down

There's an old ceremony in our part of the country called Birthday Spanks The girl gets a little pat on her rump (*Continued on p 84*)

THE THUMB SUCKER

"If you continue to suck your thumb, you're going to swell up like a big balloon."

"I know what you've been doing!"

THE VIDEO SYNDROME

"HERBIE, darling, why is it that you never turn off the television set when you come to bed?"

"Mmm."

"Every night, Herbie, the same thing. The late show, the late, late show. And all those commercials. Herbie, do you remember how good our marriage used to be? Sometimes, I think you're loving me more and enjoying it less.

"Will you listen to me, Herbie?"

"Mmm."

"Oh, yellow, shmello, Herbie, don't you ever wonder where the honeymoon went?"

"Mmm."

"I wonder, Herbie, if our relationship contains that all important ingredient. I wonder what ten leading doctors would have to say about it."

"Mmm."

"There's another commercial. Herbie, don't I look good like a woman should? You can't say I don't care enough to look my very best. You can't say that, can you, Herbie?"

"Mmm."

"I mean I don't broadcast bad breath or anything, do I? Oh Herbie, if it's my invisible shield that's bothering you . . ."

"Mmm."

"I don't like being sarcastic, darling, but *I'd* find it faster in the yellow pages."

"Mmm."

"Herbie, listen to me, will you? Be sociable. Don't you even remember what it is that refreshes you best? Even Bert and Harry take time out for . . ."

"Mmm."

"Herbie, it isn't as if I were asking you to make a thirty-day test or anything!

"Perhaps I should wear a high porosity negligee to let my real flavor through. Herbie, may I turn off the television now?

"Oh, all right, Herbie, but I wonder if you'd say that to your receptionist. You can always tell a hello girl. I'll bet she clings like cloth.

"Only your secretary knows for sure, huh Herbie?"

"Mmm."

"I suppose you think all women should be made that better way. But what's up front isn't all that counts. Herbie, can I turn off the television now?

"I'm sorry, Herbie. I know I'm irritable and out of sorts, but in the mature male and the mature female . . . Herbie, it's the station break.

"Oh, Herbie, it's like a doctor's prescription!"

###

HOLLYWOOD'S
WILDEST
WINGDING!

When Hollywood goes arty, the result is the annual Artists and Models Ball, the undressed foufest where anything goes!

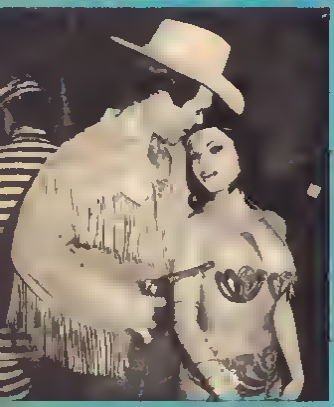
Western costumes were popular this year. With such models as Pat Kent sporting them, it's easy to see why

BACK IN the good old days before taxes, TV and tripled production costs, the sprees of Hollywood were the free-wheelingest parties you'd hope to find. Dolls dunked in swimming pools, showers of champagne and pattycake played on the patio by somebody else's husband and somebody else's wife—these were only some of the madcap elements of yesteryear's Hollywood soirees. But those days have been long gone and today any suburb can top Hollywood when it comes to wingding antics. Hollywood has been turning into Dullsville. This was the conclusion arrived at by two fellows named Gary Berwin and Sandy Salkind a couple of years back and they decided to do something about it. They did. They set up the machinery for the annual Hollywood Artists and Models Ball patterned after the Bohemian sprees of Paris and New York. The first ball was held in 1959. The second, pictured on these pages, was recently held at Troupers Auditorium. The hall accommodates roughly 600 people. Over 2,000 turned out for the affair. They were literally dancing in the streets. To liven things up, prizes were given for the briefest costumes. The spree was an overwhelming success in the oldtime, wild Hollywood tradition. Some 268 gallons of various kinds of liquor was consumed and a wonderfully wild time was had by all. ###

The party really began to rock when exotic jungle siren Bonn e Logan started beatin' out dat rhythm on a drum

Set next page

Costumes ranged from cowboy and Indian bikinis to scanty Little Egypt and harem girl outfits.



The music stopped and some of the revelers made a break. But, as always, there were some dancing diehards who were just having too much fun to let the party be over. They kept it going past daybreak and then, tired but happy, finally let it close.

BACHELOR'S BOOKSHELF

BY LARRY DANN

PARODIES AN ANTHOLOGY FROM CHAUCER TO BEERBOHM—AND AFTER (Random House) *Compiled with an introduction and notes by Dwight Macdonald*

Parodies have amused, outraged, shocked and delighted the reading public ever since Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, turned his brilliant quill to *Sir Thopas* In this, he wittily poked fun at the absurd English romances being written at that time All through literature, to this day, parodists have been busily indulging their macabre wit by crucifying their contemporaries, Mr Macdonald, a staunch admirer of the parodying art, has here assembled the most complete collection of parodies extant today

Just what, exactly, is a parody and when is a parody not a parody? According to Mr. Macdonald, it is not easily established The Oxford dictionary defines it "*A composition in which characteristic turns of an author are imitated in such a way as to make them appear ridiculous, especially by applying them to ludicrously inappropriate subjects*" Here, however, you run into the parody not being a parody bit, because this definition could justly apply to travesty and/or burlesque Mr Macdonald concludes that "*parody concentrates on the style and thought of the original If burlesque is pouring new wines into old bottles, parody is making a new wine that tastes like the old but has a slightly lethal effect At its best, it is a form of literary criticism*"

In selecting the parodies for this collection, Mr Macdonald followed three rules· "*1 The authors parodied must have some currency today 2 The broader the worser 3 No parody involving fleas or seasickness is enjoyable*" Because parodies age quickly, some very good ones had to be omitted as per rule one However, Mr Macdonald allowed some exceptions to his rules so that we are treated to all the famous parodies plus a goodly helping of some unfamiliar but worthy entrants

Of the well known parodies, included in this book is the very famous one of *Time* magazine by Woolcott Gibbs in which he wrote a satire profile of Henry Luce Said to have infuriated Luce, it is still a marvelous take-off

Lewis Carroll parodied so well as to have his work live on while the works he parodied are all but forgotten The poem, "*Speak Gently*," by G W. Langford, began thusly

> "*Speak gently, it is better far*
> "*To rule by love than fear*
> "*Speak gently, let no harsh word mar*
> "*The good we may do here*"

After Carroll had at it, it appeared as follows

> "*Speak roughly to your little boy*
> "*And beat him when he sneezes.*
> "*He only does it to annoy*
> "*Because he knows it teases*"

Prime targets for the parodists are the writers with a definite style Particularly good are the parodies of Allan Ginsberg, "*Squeal*", Jack Kerouac, "*On The Sidewalk*", James Gould Cozzens, "*By Words Obsessed*", James Jones, "*From There to Infinity*", Ernest Hemingway, "*Death In The Rumbleseat*", and William Faulkner, "*Requiem For A Noun, or Intruder In The Dusk*"

The book is presented in four parts, each covering a different era in literature Part one, called "The Beginnings," contains parodies from the time of Chaucer to Jane Austen Part two, "The Nineteenth Century," is composed mainly of the poetic era of Lord Byron, Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Browning and includes Rudyard Kipling, Walt Whitman and Henry James These are an asset to the student and will undoubtedly result in this book becoming a standard reference in English Lit. courses Part three, "Beerbohm And After," has "*some leaves from Max Beerbohm's 'A Christmas Garland'*" plus other Beerbohmisms, and in the post-Beerbohm section, the writings of A E Housman through Archibald MacLeish up to Jack Kerouac are dissected by master parodists like Robert Benchley, Edmund Wilson, E B White, et al The final section, called "Specialties," is a potpourri including the nonsense poems of Lewis Carroll, self parodies, conscious and unconscious, and concludes with three nonsense plays by Ring Lardner Also included in this section are some French parodies, unfortunately in French!

In the appendix, Mr Macdonald has written some notes on parody in which he traces parodies from their very beginnings to the present day Parodies, says Mr Macdonald, are less vigorous today "*The world has become so fantastic that satire, of which parody is a subdivision, is discouraged, because reality outdistances it What can a satirist add to the U-2 Summit-Meeting fiasco? Or to the dealings between the United Nations and Premier Lumumba of the Congo Republic—the latter a character right out of Evelyn Waugh's* Black Mischief. *Indeed, in the Congo tragicomedy, history seems to be parodying itself*"

Gratitude is owed Dwight Macdonald for the tremendous task it must have been to sift through the various writings of past generations, to cull the wheat from the chaff, and to emerge with this handsomely constructed, always entertaining volume ###

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE CENSORS' BACK

Starting with "Amber" and "Blue," colorful movie producer Otto Preminger has earned his reputation as the man who makes the bluenoses see red by filming some of the sizzlingest films Hollywood ever released!

BY CLAUDE H. JANNECK

WHENEVER the subject of censorship crops up at a Hollywood party, it's a good bet that sooner or later somebody will mention the name of Otto Preminger

According to many film executives, this talented, Viennese-born movie maker did more to blunt the point of the censor's blue pencil than anyone else in the industry And they have some hard facts to back up this belief

Item In 1947, Preminger turned out his sexy film version of Kathleen Winsor's sizzling historical novel, *"Forever Amber"* He did this despite the fact that West Coast insiders accurately predicted the troubles it would have with censorship groups across the country

Item In 1953, Hollywood's Production Code Administration refused to issue a seal of approval for *"The Moon is Blue"* Preminger broke precedent and released the movie without one

Item Just two years later, Preminger was once more refused Code approval for a film—this time for

In his early days as a director, Preminger was stickler for realism. Here he's showing Elaine Barry the proper way to be spanked by John Barrymore, Jr.: With Kim Novak.

See next page

"The Man With the Golden Arm," his frank production about drug addiction. Again, he released the picture without a seal.

Item: In 1959, *"Anatomy of a Murder"* brought on the wrath of censors and started a round of lawsuits because of its cold-blooded discussions of sex and sexual assault.

Item: Finally, in January 1960, Preminger defied the American Legion and other self-appointed political watchdogs by hiring black-listed writer Dalton Trumbo to do the screenplay for his latest release, *"Exodus."*

In addition to these major engagements, the outspoken Preminger has been almost continually embroiled in fights with anybody who tried to stop him from making the kind of movies he wanted to make in the way he wanted to make them.

Otto Ludwig Preminger was born in Austria some 55 years ago. At first he seemed destined to become a lawyer—seemingly an ideal choice for the argumentative and pugnacious Preminger. But, somehow, the theatre became his passion. Though he faithfully followed his father's wish and received his law degree from the University of Vienna, he was acting on the stage at the same time. *(Continued on next page)*

The spicy dialogue which accompanied scenes like this resulted in the Hollywood censor nixing "Moon Is Blue"

Lee Remick played a girl who had been raped in "Anatomy of a Murder" Frank talk of rape aroused bluenoses.

Blacklisted screenwriter Dalton Trumbo was hired by Preminger to do script for "Exodus" Later Trumbo was fired

"Exodus," aroused controversy with various Zionist groups Film critics enjoyed, but didn't approve of film

Even while he was taking his law courses, he managed to find time to start a summer stock company

In 1928, the year he graduated, Preminger became a protege of the great theatrical figure Max Reinhardt who hired him as a producer-director.

Preminger left Austria in 1935 because of the increasing Nazi influence in that country Some close friends theorize that his hatred of censorship and thought control dates from that period

"Before Otto left Austria," one Hollywood friend states, "he had already seen Chancellor Dollfus murdered by Nazi conspirators Then, in 1938, Hitler took over the country completely Otto, of course, was violently anti-Nazi and still despises anything that reminds him of Nazi methods."

When Preminger left, he had already been a married man for some nine years He was wed while still a law student and his wife, Marion Mill, was a young dancer The marriage lasted until 1950 when the director left the couple's Bel Air mansion never to return

From Austria, Preminger came to the United States where he picked up an assignment to stage and direct a Broadway play The show was a success and was responsible for the future film celebrity's first Hollywood contract as a director

But under a steady diet of "B" assignments, Preminger quickly grew unhappy with life on the West Coast. "Otto was getting even more restless than usual," an acquaintance of this period recalls "He felt that his talents were being wasted and that Fox was not giving him a chance to show what he could do Eventually, he felt that he had no choice but to quit and go back to the legitimate theatre"

Back on Broadway, Otto took over the directional chores of the show, "*Outward Bound*," which ran for a satisfying year and a half. In addition, he put his formidable acting talents to work in Clare Booth Luce's anti-Nazi show, "*Margin For Error*."

While working on these and other New York assignments, Preminger found the time to teach at the Yale University School of Drama

When Otto went back to Hollywood it was to work for 20th Century Fox, the same firm that he had left a few years before But this time he was no longer shunted aside to "B" assignments. And before long he proved to everyone's satisfaction that his ambition to make big pictures was not misplaced

His first major success under the new contract was "*Laura*," still regarded as one of the all-time masterpieces in film mystery His first brush with the U S censors came in 1947 when he directed "*Forever Amber*"

The Legion of Decency placed "*Amber*" on its condemned list, and used all its influences to keep it from being shown They were partly successful In the state of Massachusetts, for example, it could not be seen on Sundays In the city of Providence, Rhode Island, it was banned altogether

In spite of the censors—or perhaps because of them—the movie was a financial success "Otto learned something from this experience," a publicity man says. "He found out that the publicity involved in banning a movie (*Continued on p. 88*)

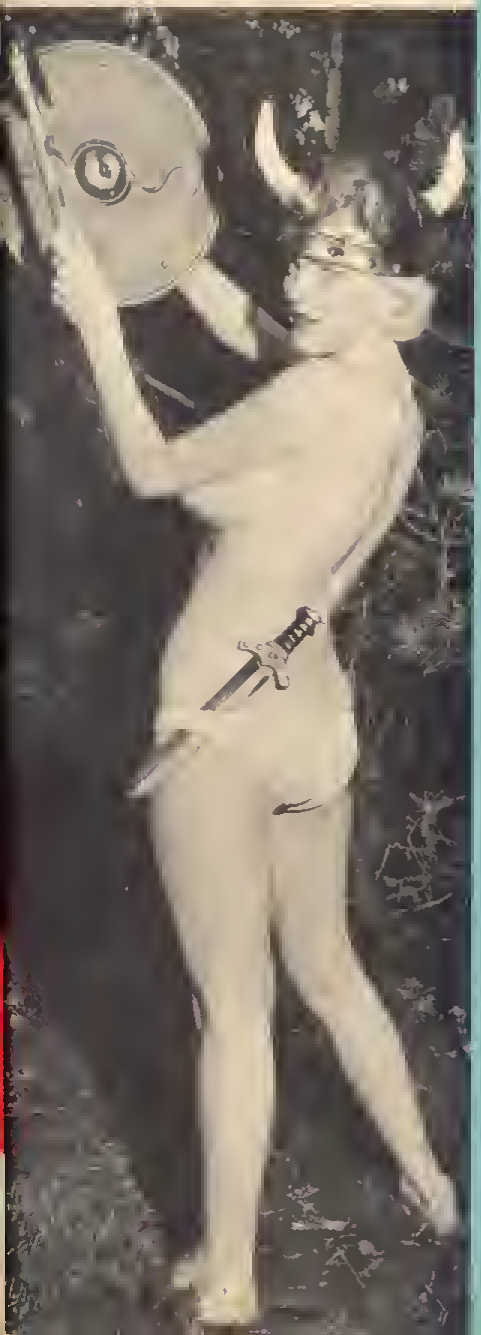
"Which one of us is going to call his bluff this time?"

Viking warriors sought danger in far places, but they'd probably have remained home if they'd sighted the charms of dangerous Dane Lise Walstead

VIKINGS NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

Those Norsemen of old had valor, stamina and lots of ingenuity, but they never had girls like these!

Emulating early Vikings, Elkit Benit, a native of Finland, left the Red-controlled land and made her way to Denmark where freedom still prevails



Swedish Viking lass Kim Svendson models the weapons, helmet and shield used by followers of Leif Erikson

Norwegian Marlina Eberin traces her ancestry back to the Viking chiefs Its' easy to see her Viking spirit

PETTERS' PARADISE

where lovers made the balcony scene

BY JAY MARTIN

THEY'RE CLOSING OFF many of the balconies, today Not all, of course There are even a few young Romeos with a sense of the past that manage to pull off a pretty good balcony scene every once in a while But as America's passion center, the motion picture balcony is going the way of the old-fashioned hay ride and the bundling bed!

The movie house balcony flourished from the time of the first World War until several years after the second In 1910, an article appeared which blamed the vaudeville shows and dance halls for leading young women astray Now-a-days, girls are being warned about all the trouble that's in store for them in the back seat of an automobile But between the ages of vaudeville and the hot-rod, there was hardly a moralist that did not fulminate against the movie balcony

The resourceful pioneers on the balcony scene were World War One soldiers who didn't mind dating the girls they met at chaperoned dances as long as they had some place to go where they could escape the chaperon's eagle eye The film houses were happy to cooperate by making first the last rows in the orchestra and then the balcony darker than the rest of the theatre

After the end of the war, Hollywood became a gigantic industry New movie theatres popped up all over the country And many of the uninhibited plots in those silent days reflected the growing rebellion against the rigid moral code of the 19th century

The balcony crowd responded in kind When Clara Bow or Estelle Taylor allowed a cinematic lover to take a loving liberty, the girl you took up to the balcony was apt to slip into the mood and permit you the same liberty

In the thirties, when "talkies" came on the scene, the movie theatre was *the* place to go No where else during the great depression, could a man and a girl get so much entertainment at a price they could afford The shortages of World War II and the immediate post war period kept the balcony scene a lively one until the fifties

But just how did the movie balcony help promote the ways of a man and a maid? In the first place, it gave you privacy It is true that you were surrounded by other couples, but their minds were concentrated on their *own* affairs

In the second place, the very reputation of the balcony added to its popularity "Neckin' in the balcony" became a national pastime for young unmarried men and woman A couple was expected to be romantic in the balcony—a girl who wasn't was considered sort of odd.

Yet, strangely enough, there was a kind of innocence to balcony petting The very side by side seating arrangement which allowed maximum exploration, made it hard to go any further A very few enterprising souls did manage it, but by and large a woman could keep whatever she called her honor easily while, at the same time, cooperating in every other way

The height of balcony fun came in those theatres which featured "divans" and similarly named seats with no armrests, high sides and high backs. *Nobody* could see what was happening in them! Yet even there, active couples were usually prevented from going all out through fear of the usher's flashlight Still, if both boy and girl were willing, the divan did provide a way

What finally killed balcony life? The prime causes are the same ones which toppled the movies in general from their high place in the entertainment world. Rising admission and availability of other entertainment Movies are no longer the fabulous buys they once were, and those who want them can usually afford bigger and better things

The couples who once would have had no place to go but the films, can now afford the privacy of a car for their love life If they have to share the fun and games, they can do so with one or two other couples rather than a whole balcony full And if they need a movie to inspire them they will go to a drive-in

The age of the balcony is just about over A few young couples will sometimes climb the creaky stairs to explore those balconies which are not yet closed down But most of today's customers are old married couples re-surveying the balcony scene they had made so often in their youth ###

HISTORY FOR HIPSTERS

Presenting for the first time the coolest of cool versions of such momentous historical incidents as the Discovery of Coolsville, the Boston Tea Rumble, Fig Newton's Theory and Frisco's Shake-up!

BY JACK ANTHONY

COLOMBO FINGERS COOLSVILLE

RIGHT FROM the start Chris knew he was different from everybody else He didn't dig them and they didn't dig him When he told them the world was round, they fingered their foreheads and rolled their eyes "A kook," they whispered It was the old pigeonhole bit and Chris was hard-put to find an epithet to express his contempt Finally he settled on calling them "squares ' and the name seemed to fit

The world is round, and you're square!" he'd tell them defiantly

"If the world is round ' they'd ask with middle-class logic, 'how come people don't roll off it?"

And Chris would draw himself up and insist that didn't prove anything "People are falling off all the time," he'd tell them but still they remained unconvinced

Now, around this time, there was much interest among the hip in the products and culture of the East, or Coolsville as the land of zing and Zen was known Particularly encouraging trade, student exchanges and espresso parties were a couple of top cats named Ferdinand and Isabella, fad-formers who set the pace for all the hip Their formula was that anything East was cool, while Western wisdom was strictly for the ladies from Westchester They were so with it that they wouldn't even attend the witch burnings on the West Side of Barcelona They only went to exclusive burnings on the East Side where effeminate warlocks were boiled in gourmet's salad oil

It was only natural that Chris would be drawn to the far-out sphere of Ferdy and Izzy First he managed to gain an audience with Ferdy "Your Hip Highness," he addressed him, "I believe that by sailing West, I can reach Coolesville"

'But, man, Coolsville's East You'd better glim your AAA map again"

"Your Hip Highness doesn't dig I believe the world is round By sailing West, I'll come up on Coolsville from the dark side"

Ferdy snapped his fingers and shook his head "Like, look Viper, you're way out of orbit I mean, what are you smoking? It's going to your cerrebellum and makin' waves Don't make waves, cat Don't bug me Make like a mouthpiece and blow blow, blow"

Chris was neck-bent but he didn't give up hope After all people laughed at Pollack and Kerouac and even Mort Sahl Prophets were always getting the teeth-rattle bit from the status-quo-ers He decided to try his luck with Izzy

He cornered her at a coffee-house between poetry readings She took in his sailor's dungarees, spaghetti-stained t-shirt, gnarled, uncombed tresses and tea-stained fingers and it was rapport at first sight "The world is round, and all that jazz," Chris told her as an opener

"Colombo, I know egzackly what you mean," she said 'Like in the morning when last night's bubbles hit the flat notes, I can feel it spinnin'."

Chris looked at her and knew they were akin She dug For sure, she dug 'Listen, Izzy, I'm a prophet of the world we're gonna make You glom?" (*Cont p-72*)

THE BOSTON TEA RUMBLE

MAN, IT WAS LIKE catastrophe back in the 1770s when the pushers put on the squeeze and the only cats who could get up the scratch for the tea were the ones whose Daddy-Os wallowed in green The order to up the tariff had come from George V himself, the Big Boy of the Syndicate, and the hipsters were plenty hopped up about it All over Boston, from Back Bay to Scollay Square, pupils were undilating and nerve-jangled users were flipping their anger

"First they hook you, then they up their take Next they'll be cuttin' the tea with lemon!"

"Give me Tender Leaf, or give me a fix!"

'Taxation without representation is Cold Turkey!"

"All cats are created anxious— "

"And are bugged by their connection with certain inalienable appetites "

"Among these appetites are Weed, Horse and the pursuit of Cloud Nine "

"These are the times that try cats' nerves!"

The mutterings grew into a big noise, then a cool, cool silence Hipsters heeled the cobblestones without daring to orb each other, afraid to see the reflections of their own misery in one anothers eyeballs, focusing on their own foot-leather which was too muddied to return the bloodshot stare

And among them walked the strongarm men, scarlet-coated, muskets toted, cool with the tea in their bellies, the tea they sweat in an aroma wafted across the air of Boston, hanging o'er them in an aura of hate-making They did their job, kept the powder dry, and behind them fat and smug the operators sat on their kegs of tea and told each other "They're hooked They'll come to us They gotta They'll pay the price Let 'em steal it Whadda we care? We take the risks Let 'em pay!—Or let 'em take coffee!" The insult supreme—but they should have known They should have known that even the most despised junkie is still a man somewhere, down under the appetite, still something more than an animal They were to learn

The coolest of the cats stirred They got together and issued a manifesto in free verse calling all cats to a poetry reading at a local expresso joint All mucho clandestine, 'cause the redcoats had nailed the license bit on the coffee houses and the fat-nipped urns had all been confiscated, the hipsters force-weaned—and all, no less, during the tealess time!

But the coolest ignored the "These Premises have been Raided by Your Friendly Neighborhood Redcoats" sign on the front orifice and word-of-mouthed it to the cats to slip in the rear entry—and just this once please not to worry about the Freudian implications "Now is the time for all cool cats to come to the aid of the weed-less," they said and the word was spread

It was a nervous gathering One of the leaders, a modern artist too advanced for the Guggenheim called it to order 'I have here a canvas titled 'Tyranny' which portrays our state," he told them With a flourish he pulled the covering from the canvas and revealed it It was absolutely blank (Cont p 72)

THE FIG-NEWTON THEORY

ONE DAY back in the 17th Century, a time when a cat could think for himself without the help of a filter, a young farm boy named Isaac Newton was ducking the conformity of work in the shade of the fig tree. Keeping an eye peeled for his father, a square gent who was forever bugging him about the sheep tending bit, Isaac was popping half-ripe figs into his craw and plumbing his grey matter for intuitive profundities. He was thinking about hitting the road that ran by the farm, about the Wide Wide World away out there and how he'd like to savor its flavor.

He thought how he'd like to Jag the country with some chick.

He thought how he'd like to pound his eardrums jazzily in the low-lit tea-smokers of the Big Town.

He pondered the possibility of poetry readings and the osmosis into his cerebrum of concepts ecstatic esthetic esoteric and e e all the way.

He ruminated on yo-yo-ing his eyeballs to and fro amongst the abstractionists and he longed to be initiated into the wonders of untitled paintings.

And he thought of making a name for himself in the world of Hip and how nice it would be to be bored by it all—as long as he didn't have to be ennui'd by this cotton-pickin' farm any more.

But he was afraid. How could he make his mark? He wasn't hip. He wasn't beat. He wasn't even disillusioned—yet. They'd only laugh at him. He'd never smoked pot. He wasn't queer—not even a little effeminate. And he didn't know Furlenghetti from Alberghetti, Brecht from Hecht, Pollack from pollen. He was square.

Phat—what he was Square.

He sighed. He just wasn't ready, yet, he guessed. He was ready to think insightfully, yes, yes, yes, but he just couldn't seem to find a concept worth thinking insightfully about. Newton sighed again and being an angry young man and causeless rebel slammed his back against the fig tree angrily and rebelliously, causing a fig to shake loose from a branch and conk him on the cranium.

Lo!

Ergo!

Skol!

It was a sign. No doubt about it. It was a little thing but hadn't all existentialism been built on a little thing? Hadn't Sartre or one of that crowd said, 'I think therefore I am.' 'Okay,' Newton figured so he'd start thinking.

Now let's see. A fig had fallen from the tree. But how had it gotten up there. Well, somebody had once planted a seed (Newton's father had told him about the birds and bees *and* the flowers) and from this seed had grown up a fig tree. It had grown up, sprouted a fig and the fig had fallen *down*! Egad! Newton caught his breath. He had it.

'What goes up must come down' That was it! Newton paused. But was it hip? He repeated it to himself. Yes, yes it was. It was as serious as nihilism, surrealism, or abstraction. It was—It was *grave*, that's what it was. And right then and there he named his concept 'The Theory of Gravity,' or 'The Fig-Newton Theory.'

Immediately he sat down and sent off copies to *The Evergreen Review*, *The Village Voice* and the producers of *Omnibus*. Overnight, the Fig-Newton (*Cont'd p 73*)

THE FRISCO SHAKE-UP

IT ALL STARTED at this vino parlor one night not too long after the flip of the century The usual crowd was there There was Franci/es, a mixed-up kid from Lesbos And there was Oedipus, a walking complex looking for an analyst to attach himself to And there was Daddy-O, a Gabriel of the Kazoo, uh-uh going, the laureate of unrhymed verse and minstrel of non-poetic poesy, K-K-K-Kuraeso, the writer who couldn't spell and Canny Polevault, the painter who was so abstract he had to tie weights to his shoe-laces to keep from flying off into an out-of-this-world orbit Yes, the usual crowd Plus Romaine Rococo

Romaine? She was a method actress who lived her parts, a bosomy wench with hips meant to swing wine jugs from and the kind of post-bellum wiggle that made you almost as glad to see the South retreat as to see her ramparts advancing. Romaine was loaded with talent—even if she couldn't act her way out of a Pirandello pantomime It stuck out all over her Like, man, when she was around, no cat could stay cool Unless maybe you count Franci/es—who had its own problems

Anyway, this night, the crew was whooping it up over the vino and arguing about a new technique Romaine had brought back from her Group Workshop and Psychotherapy Class According to Romaine, this new gimmick was the greatest thing to hit acting since Stanislavsky imitated a teapot until steam began coming out of his ears But let her tip it

"This is a complete identification with the Mother Earth from which we all spring A catharsis of the essence of ones being into the dirt from whence it sprang A synthesis of flesh to soil-flesh, of soiled flesh to the clean-soil, the unsoiled soil, the unspoiled soil Do you follow me?"

Now, Romaine didn't usually run off at the toothpine this way It was as obvious as a pad where a pot party had been held that this chick was making like a minah bird with words firstly prated by some pseudo-Brando teacher Still, they all worked hard at being hip, so anything real far out got a hearing They asked Romaine to polish the lens so they could maybe see what the Brecht she was driving at

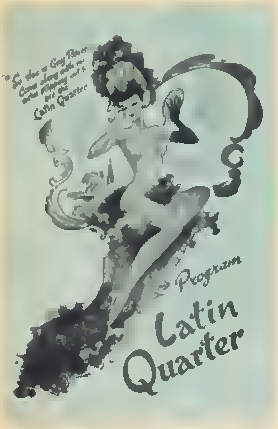
"Well, it's all nature, dig?" she began and they all said "yeah, oh, yeah sure" She went on

"We're all tied to the earth I mean, like, its a psychic umbilical cord, *compris*?" That sounded illogical enough to have meaning "So, if we want to do anything on this earth, influence it, act, or write, or paint, or like that, creative, you dig, the best way is to pull the right way on this cord"

"Then what happens?" asked a slummer from Oakland They threw him out and Romaine continued

"Then you can do anything Like act, for instance I mean, say I'm playing a character about to be murdered. I pretend I'm the earth and somebody's about to slam a pick into me It gives the portrayal depth, if you see what I mean"

"Suppose you're playing a disillusioned floozie, like Sadie Thompson in 'Rain' How does that work out with this Earth-Flow theory?" Daddy-O asked (*Cont* p 74)

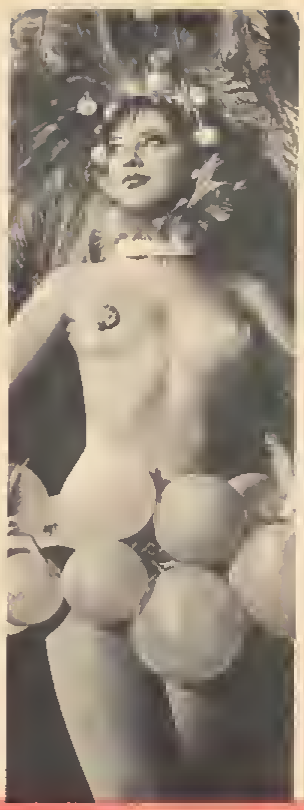


R "The Courtesians" in lavish act

The NIGHTCLUB BOSOMS

Acts from abroad are always popular Here a scene from "Carnival in Rio."

NOW IN ITS 19th year Broadway's "Miracle of 48th St.," the *Latin Quarter*, has reigned longer than any major theater-restaurant in the history of New York The reason for this, as its present owner and operator, E M Loew, puts it, is because, ever since its inception in 1942 it was new, different, smart, and it didn t cost your right arm to go there He neglected to mention that it's also a place where the bosom has always been boss



June Stafford enchants audience with the Latin Quarter's "Balloon Dance"

BUILT

Well-known comedy team, Ford and Reynolds, ham it up with L Q lovelies.

The Latin Quarter has a long and notable history of bosomy allure, dating back to even before Loew bought the building It began 30 years ago as the *Palais Royale*, the social center of New York nightlife where beautiful busts were as common as the many great notables of the theater who made the place their second home The club changed hands soon after, becoming the *Palais D'Or* which specialized in Chinese cuisine, temporarily pushing the good old American bosom into the background Later the place became the *Cotton Club*, and then the *Great White Way*, after its then-owner, George White But the busty atmosphere of the past was being played down, and the nightclub fast began losing its charm

When Loew took it over in '42, he put back what was obviously the essential ingredient, stunning the customers with a 90 minute spectacular filled with the bustiest girls in the scantiest costumes The critics loved it, and overnight it became once again the place to go in New York And, as the ten thousand girls who have been interviewed for parts to date know it is the bosom and not any manner of steel girder that supported the Latin Quarter in standing-room-only style for nearly a quarter of a century ●

See next page

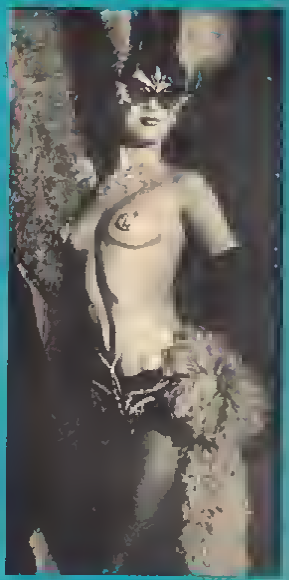
As the years go by, the shows grow more beautiful, the girls prettier, the acts more unusual, and the costumes scantier than ever.

'Le Grand Cancan (above) is result of months of work by top choreographers.

These ample-bosomed lovelies are part of "Grand Presentation" finale.

Draped in sparkling glassware, this beauty is one of the "Crystal Queens."

Included in the ninety-minute spectacular is the "Glamour Lovel[illegible]



THE NAKED

can be the kind of truth seen through rose-colored glasses, but the glasses have to be a very special kind, very special, indeed!

BY CONNIE SELLERS

IT WAS INDUBITABLY there — rose-tipped and satiny, a startlingly rounded and tempting half-melon that demanded to be fondled.

But it was impossible

Not even Miss Lura Jones would dare expose an admittedly delectable breast right out like that in the sacrosanct atmosphere of Kelso, Inc. Not during working hours, anyway. And not before the hired help

Mark almost lost the eyeglasses when the second intriguingly developed mammary heaved itself into plain view. Well, not *plain*. The word didn't fit Miss Jones.

Mark slipped the dusty lenses off his nose and came very close to wailing like a lost soul. For now — dammit — Miss Jones was fully clothed. An amazing, but hardly respectable trick If she had somehow peeled off something else, those scanty things—

Unconsciously, Mark polished the glasses and lifted them again

Whoops!

Miss Jones sure as the devil had. Peeled, that is. Not a stitch to cover her shapely thighs. That was an interesting little dimple right on her—

Reddening, Mark whipped away the spectacles. Boss's favorite or not,

FICTION

TRUTH

Miss Jones had to be reproached. Kelso, Inc., was not a nudist colony. Then he blinked rapidly, because Miss Jones was *not* nude.

He was going mad. All the lonely, frustrating years had finally pushed him over the brink. Evidently Mark had bloomed into a ravening sex maniac.

"You're blushing," Miss Jones said, looking at him. "And I can't possibly imagine why."

Because rape was rampant in his shattered mind, that was why, Mark thought wildly; because an imminent deflowering loomed in his tortured madness.

Miss Jones got up from her desk. It was a complicated project involving the sibilant whisper of well-filled nylons, the flow and ripple of flesh from here to there.

"I can't imagine," she continued, "because you *never* blush at your own thoughts. At other people's, yes."

Then, in her natural illogical slipping of mental cogs, Miss Jones poked at the eyeglasses. "Are those the kind you see naughty things in?"

Mark gulped. "M-miss Jones—"

She had them on. The oddly exotic slant of antique frames gave her eyes an Oriental allure. Her ripe mouth opened slowly, like dewy petals uncurling.

"Hooboy!" she gasped.

"I-I-I—" Mark stuttered.

"Talk some more," she said. "It makes your tummy wiggle. My, you have a nice tummy; kind of soft, but—"

Desperately, Mark snatched the glasses.

She pouted. "And such a cute appendectomy, too. However did they get the X-Ray or whatever into those glasses?"

So he wasn't a hydrophonic schizophrenic or (*Continued on p. 91*)

NEW GIRL IN TOWN

Even a beauty can be lonesome in a big city when she doesn't know anybody

WHEN AN AMBITIOUS young girl hits Los Angeles, the first thing she does is make the rounds of the movie studios Then she makes the rounds of the night clubs and theaters, looking for chorus work Finally she hits the modeling agencies. That accounts for her days, but what about her nights? She doesn't know a soul in town, so what's she supposed to do with her spare time? Gailynn Warner is such a girl She had no trouble getting modeling assignments soon after her arrival in L A , but she was lonesome in the evenings But a girl like Gailynn makes friends fast and now her phone's always buzzing with invitations ###

...ice to girls in a strange city: "A little friendliness goes for, but beware wolves"

At first Gailynn used to doll up just to keep her spirits up
But now she's met people through her work and always has a date

R.I.P.
ED TUCKER
1851-1878
A Gambling Man
"3 tens," Ed said
'Twas a mistake
For Chuck had one
And so did Jake
CASS JONES
1867-1960
At age 93 Cass died happily — murdered by a jealous hubby
JOSEPH LIPSCHITZ
1915-1961
Gone, But Not Forgotten
Joe loved to dance and laugh
—ha-ha-ha
His last words were "Goodbye
—cha-cha-cha!"
IRA GREEN
1928-1961
One for his baby
One for the road.
Poor Ira couldn't
Carry the load
Rest In Peace
BEAU SPARKS
1935-1961
Kismet
Beau Sparks jumped out the window
As her husband forced the door
What's left of Beau is down below
'Cause it was the 14th floor!

SINNERS' GRAVEYARD

WHAT'S THE QUESTION ?????

CINDY TYLER prides herself [illegible]ays being able to look on the humorous side of life She believes that in these days of A-bombs, H-bombs and global insecurity the ability to see the funny aspect of things is necessary to keep the world in perspective In keeping with this, she's developed a sense of humor which is particularly tickled by the comically offbeat. Which explains why the first time she saw a skit on the *Steve Allen Show* called "What's the Question?" she went off into gales of uncontrollable laughter "What's the Question?" was a take-off on the popular radio program *The Answer Man* In the Allen version, listeners supposedly wrote in answers and he supplied the questions The first "What's the Question?" skit drew a large response from viewers and it became a regular feature of the show Later Allen expanded the idea into a book Here, Cindy presents her own version The answers are printed beneath each picture The questions may be found on page 48 # # #

A. "Once a week if you're single. Twice a week if you're married More if frustrated"

See next page

B "That's a very interesting idea you've got there, my friend But gee whiz, do you ever have the wrong number!"

C "It makes me tingle with delight all over It's one of the greatest satisfactions I know It's just terrif!"

D "Because it makes me itch and who wants to spend the entire night scratching? Also, it's too warm and confining."

E. "Yes, if they're big, friendly and are well-groomed. But never the wolfish type."

THE QUESTIONS ARE . . .

A "How many times weekly should the average person have a steak?"

B "Sweetie, I packed the caviar and champagne. The boat's waiting at the dock. Can you be ready to leave for Bermuda in two hours?"

C "Cindy, why do you take so many showers? What do you get out of them besides soap in your eyes? How does a shower make you feel?"

D "Indigent sleepwear manufacturers want to know why you don't wear a nightgown or pajamas to bed at night. It is a fallacy that it is healthier to sleep in the altogether What have you got against wearing something to bed?"

E "How do you feel about dogs? Do you like them? What kind in particular do you like? What canine characteristic marks the kind of dog you least care for?" # # #

"Doctor, I'd like to consult you about a rather unusual operation!"

THAT SPECIAL

. . . can be the difference between panic and

BY JACK HUNVALDO

THE SUBWAY TRAIN rumbled into the station As the doors slid open, a tightly-knit cluster of human bodies pressed hoggishly into the opening, jammed there a moment, then burst through onto the 125th St. platform Immediately another putty-like mass of people spilled into the crowded car Among them were two well-dressed gentlemen, one a bit older than the other The younger, a not unhandsome chap in his late twenties, was Jesse The older, whose thinning gray hair bespoke twenty years more than that, was Solomon

The doors closed and clicked, nipping at a woman's heel as she just made it inside A small brown package she held in her hands remained caught between the doors as if clamped in a pair of tweezers Solomon and Jesse exchanged amused glances at the woman's frantic but futile attempts to pull her package free With a lurch, the train jerked forward, relaxed, then accelerated steadily The door was still slightly ajar due to the package The safety mechanism which ordinarily prevents a train from moving unless all its doors are tightly shut, had apparently been allowed to fall into disrepair, and the woman eyed the opening uneasily, shying away from it, but still gingerly clutching her wrapped parcel

Solomon and Jesse held onto the white pole which rose from the floor They sighed with weary acceptance as the train rocked, jostling them against the other passengers

"What time you got?" Solomon shouted to Jesse over the trains clatter

Jesse looked at his watch "Five fifteen!"

"Good! Plenty of time! I don't have to be there till six-thirty! First show doesn't start till seven!"

"What a life"

"What say?" Solomon leaned closer to Jesse

"I said *what a life!*" Jesse shouted above the roar "I'm always worried about being pinched You—" He switched his grip on the white pole, "you have nothing to worry about from the cops anymore"

"Oh, I've run into my share of cops in my day," Solomon said "And don't think it's all pie and ice cream now It takes a lot of skill to perform in front of an audience with every eye watching every move you make."

"It's no harder than working the crowds like I do," Jesse said

INSTINCT

profit when terror strikes in the subway!

FICTION

"The hell it isn't!" Solomon exploded.

"A lot of people could do it just as well."

"Don't be ridiculous!" Solomon hissed, the old craftsman annoyed at being criticized by a young upstart. "It's a hundred times harder! Don't you realize—you're up on that stage all alone with your victim. He's tense. He's just waiting for your hand to slip into his pocket so he can grab it and make you look like a fool in front of the audience."

"I'll admit it takes skill," Jesse conceded.

"Of course it takes skill." Solomon was vehement. "But more than that it takes a certain instinctive feeling. You can't relax for a minute. You can't disappear in the crowd if something goes wrong—because there is no crowd. You're right out there in the spotlight and you have to keep up a steady stream of talk besides. It's nerve-racking, believe me! You have to have that special instinct for the game, or you'll never pull it off."

Jesse shrugged his shoulders and gripped the pole tighter as the train swayed. "I'd still rather have a soft nightclub act than work on the streets."

"Soft, my eye." Solomon smiled wryly with the wisdom of his years of experience. "It'll be quite a few years yet before you'll be good enough for that, my friend."

"I have as much instinct as I'll ever need, right now," Jesse said hotly. "Hell, I've been picking pockets for almost eight years already."

"And still you almost got caught last week."

"I was careless, that's all."

"You can spend a year in jail for a single moment of carelessness."

"I got away, didn't I?"

"Sure you got away. You got away because you could run faster than the cop, and you were able to lose him in the crowd. You were lucky, that's all. Maybe the next cop will be able to run faster than you. Then what, my young friend, eh?"

Before Jesse could answer, the train burst out of the tunnel into the 86th St. Station, and people began pushing and shoving to get near the door. The train shrilled, then stopped, and the doors rolled open.

The woman whose brown package had gotten jammed between the doors at the last station, removed it and walked to another part of the car, hoping to find a seat.

With an audible bang, the doors closed, cutting off the flow of passengers. The last person to gain entry was a neat, elderly gentleman with a clipped gray mustache. "Heavens!" he exclaimed to nobody in particular as the door snapped at him. "My goodness!" He gripped the white center pole.

The train rumbled on, emitting a droning roar which lulled the passengers into a half-trance.

"Maybe it's a good thing you had such a close shave with the law last week," Solomon said, picking up where they had left off. "It ought to teach you a lesson. In this business you can never let your guard down, for an instant."

"I have no excuse for that," Jesse admitted seriously, "But that doesn't mean I don't have the instinct of a professional."

"Maybe so, maybe so." Solomon nodded his old gray head wisely. "But until it becomes a reflex action as natural as breathing—well, take it from a man who's been in this racket for almost fifty years—don't try to perform in front of a group of people."

"I'll bet you a steak dinner that I'd be a sensation," Jesse said, piqued.

Solomon grinned. "I'll bet you ten bucks and the steak dinner that if you were to pick someone's pocket or take his watch while a hundred people watched you, you'd fumble the whole thing."

Jesse's reply was lost as the train roared out of the tunnel and began slowing for Grand Central Station. Shrilly it ground to a halt, and the doors opened. The people on the platform and those in the cars swarmed around each other in a bulldog effort to enter or leave the train.

Jesse watched the scene distantly for a few moments, irked at the maestro's obvi- (*Continued on next page*)

THAT SPECIAL INSTINCT continued

ous lack of confidence in his talents Solomon, he noted, was lost in his own world of thoughts The elderly gent who had boarded the train at the last stop was timidly trying to make his exit

Jesse sized him up carefully He eyed the door purposefully, calculating how many more seconds remained before it would close again His lips moved slightly as he counted to himself

Then, suddenly, he threw his body against Solomon's, pretending to fall Solomon rebounded in surprise, bumping into the old man, and the two went careening towards the door

Jesse had timed it perfectly The door snapped shut, imprisoning both of Solomon's arms and the right foot of the elderly gentleman The defective door held them both in a vise-like grip as the train bucked, lurched forward, and shot into the darkness

The neat, elderly man was the first to react The blood drained from his face, and he screamed in terror as he tried to pull his foot free

Jesse stepped close to Solomon who had been caught above the elbows. "Take it easy," he advised calmly "Just keep your arms close to the car"

Solomon nodded.

"Help me! Oh help me!" the old man shrieked, his panic piercing the stuffy atmosphere of the cramped car His fear was becoming contagious Everyone pressed back to give room to the two trapped men Several of the women in the car began sobbing, and a few began wailing with terror The whole car had come alive with fear, and everybody was staring with mixed fascination and horror at the scene before them

Jesse's voice shattered the turmoil as it rose above the thundering din of the speeding train "All right everybody! Just relax! Everything's under control! Everything's all right!"

The panic began to subside a little as Jesse's calm commands drowned out the elderly man's shrill, agonized yelps

"Don't anyone try to help!" Jesse shouted, waving his arm at a couple of men as they made their way towards the trapped twosome "They're okay! Nothing can be done till we reach the next station anyway, and you'll just get in the way!"

The men fell back

"Anyhow," Jesse announced to the occupants of the car whose attention was now focused just on him, "it's a lot better than being on the *other* side, isn't it?"

He grinned engagingly, and a scattering of nervous laughter rippled through the crowded car Even the elderly man, whose irrational fear had sparked the near-panic in the first place, settled down to a small frightened whimper

Everyone's eyes were fastened on Jesse, who obviously had complete control of the situation, as he kept up a steady stream of calming patter.

When the train reached 34th St and the doors rolled open, the passengers broke into spontaneous applause Nodding his acknowledgment, Jesse stepped out onto the platform, followed by Solomon who was rubbing his arm to restore circulation The elderly gentleman slumped thankfully into a seat that someone offered him. The doors closed and the train pulled away.

Jesse and Solomon walked along the platform towards the exit Solomon was all praise for his young protege "That was quick thinking," he extolled "I hate to think what would have happened if that mob had panicked"

A small smile played about the corners of Jesse's lips "Yes, it *was* quite a crowd, wasn't it?"

Solomon grunted his agreement and pressed through the turnstile

Jesse's smile grew wider. "And every eye on me Wasn't that right, Sol? Every eye on me?"

Solomon's eyes grew wide. He grabbed Jesse by the shoulder and shook him "Why you devil you! You didn't! You didn't!"

"You bet I did!" Reaching into his trouser pocket, Jesse withdrew an expensive leather wallet and a gold wristwatch, those of the elderly man He held them out to Solomon "Well, chemp, what do you say now, eh?"

Solomon slapped him on the back, prouder than a new father "You devil! You brilliant young devil you! You planned that whole thing!"

Jesse coughed modestly.

Solomon couldn't get over it "That was wonderful! Marvelous! Great staging! Fabulous sense of drama! I take it back, my friend, you'll not only be a stage pickpocket, you'll be the greatest sensation the profession has ever known You'll make your old instructor seem like a bumbling oaf in comparison!"

"I think there was a little matter of ten dollars," Jesse prodded gently

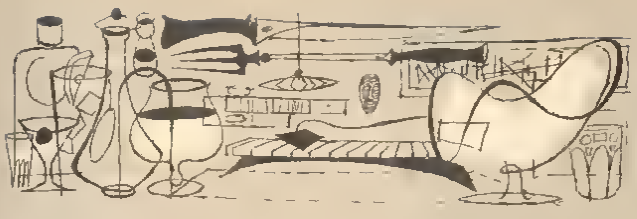
Solomon snapped his fingers, suddenly remembering the wager "By God, that's right!" He reached into his trouser pocket, then quickly withdrew his hand and patted both pockets frantically He looked up dumbfounded "My wallet," he said stupidly

The smile hovering on Jesse's face stretched from ear to ear as he reached into his other pocket, drew out Solomon's wallet, and handed it to him

"Now that," he beamed proudly "is instinct"

# # #

"Why do they call me abominable?"



BACHELOR'S APARTMENT

Wine time can be a fine time if you know what to do with the grape—and the girl!

BY MORTON J. GOLDING

A TRUE WINE LOVER is the sort of guy who has a wide range of likes in his favorite beverage He'll keep some extra-special bottles in the apartment for grand occasions, but he'll also have a half-gallon jug of ordinary red or white wine to drink whenever he feels the urge

One bonus for the wine buff is that there's nothing like the goodly juice of the grape to put a female visitor in a romantic mood These are some of the occasions, naturally, for which the faithful jog won't do But the question is, what sort of wine will? The really fine imported stuff can make a strong dent on a man's budget A nice compromise would be one of the *better* California wines which are smooth, tasty and a lot less expensive than the same quality wine imported from overseas.

There are several things to keep in mind about California wines The first is that it won't taste precisely like its imported counterpart A California burgundy, for example, may be a fine wine in its own right It will not duplicate the taste of burgundy from France Nor, according to the California Wine Institute, should it be expected to

Both climate and soil composition differ in France and California So, for that matter, do wine-making techniques Wine made from California grown grapes will have a slightly different flavor, texture and aroma than if the same grapes were grown and processed in another area

Another point is that *many* of the best California wines are sold under the name of the grape variety from which the dominant part of the blend is pressed

A "varietal" wine is not *necessarily* any better than a top California blend named for its European counterpart. But you do know that its major part is pressed from a choice variety of grape It's also a safe bet that the winemaker will take other pains to produce a superior product

Here are a few of the best known varieties When applicable, I've also listed names of the famous European wines in which these grapes predominate

Red Wines
- Cabernet—Claret
- Pinot Noir—Burgundy
- Zinfandel

Rose Wines
- Gamay
- Grenache

White Wines
- Pinot Chardonny—Chablis
- Sauvignon Blanc (sweet or dry)—Sauterne
- White or Johannisberg Riesling—Rhine Wine

* * *

It's a long long jump from California wines to Irish whiskey, but since they're both such tasty beverages why not make it?

I've been hearing a lot about a hot drink called Irish Coffee, lately, and decided to send for a recipe Here it is I've tried it and it's good

First heat the glasses by filling them with very hot water Let them stand for a few seconds and then empty Now, fill them ¾ full of hot, black coffee Drop 2 or 3 cocktail cubes of sugar into each glass and stir until completely dissolved Add a full jigger of Irish whiskey and top with light whipping cream which you can carefully pour over a spoon so it will form a head

Just the thing to serve to a fair colleen on a cool evening in early spring

* * *

A word here about the problem of overdoing the wining of your lady friend Often, under the impression that wine will wear away her resistance, the bachelor plies her with so much of the bubbly that you can hear her gurgle This is never wise She's far more likely to become bilious than passionate To guard against this, bland hors d'eouvres served along with the vino will provide an adequate tummy lining A baked salmon spread, or red Caviar (black is too spicy) on plain crackers should do the trick nicely Remember Wine, in the male as well as the female, increaseth desire but decreaseth ability

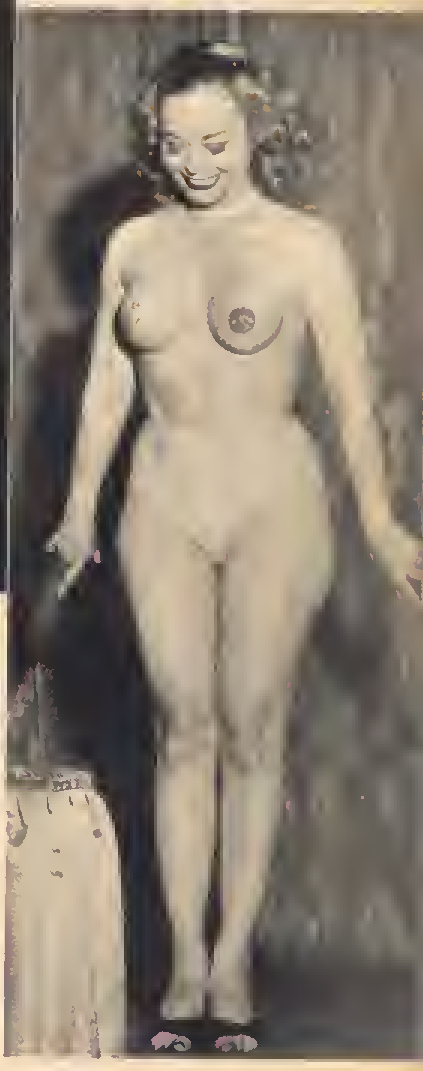
* * *

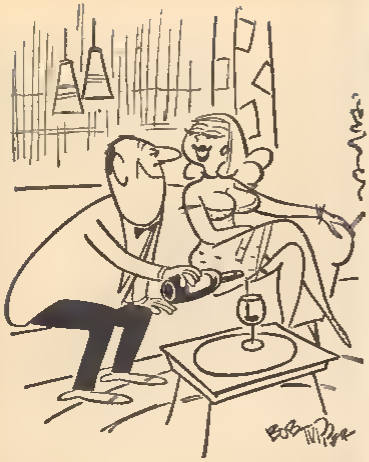
Want to buy your beer in pills? You may be doing just that within the not too distant future Breweries are now trying to perfect a tablet which can be dropped into a glass of plain soda water in order to turn it into beer Personally, I find the thought rather frightening ###

THE ART OF BEING WATCHED

The dance is seemingly one of wild abandon. The eyes of the audience are riveted upon the wildly gyrating figure. Yet with every movement Renee Andre is aware of those watching. That's why she's tops!

MASTERING THE ART of dancing and the art of duds-doffing is only half the knack of being a successful exotic The other half—and possibly the most difficult part—is developing the technique of being watched To toss one's torso to a torrid rhythm, to divest oneself of one's clothes at the same time, and all under the watchful eyes of an attentive audience—this requires the utmost in poise, unself-consciousness and professionalism These are qualities displayed to the fullest by Renee Andre in her specialty dance at the El Rancho in Hollywood Add to them a sensational 39-27-37 figure, a whirling mass of tantalizing blonde curls and the vibrant personality of the true artist and it's easy to see why Renee constantly performs to a packed house # # #

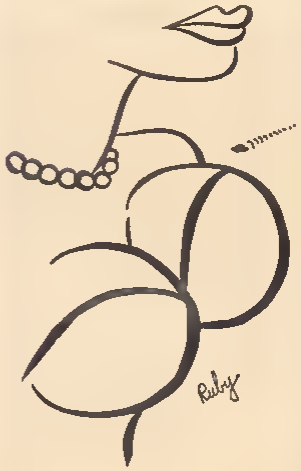




"It's not that I have to drink to say yes . . . but this way I don't feel so guilty in the morning!"

CARTOONISTS, like comedians, reserve their best work for their contemporaries exclusively Every working cartoonist has a little file put to one side which contains cartoons that are not for sale This file is pulled out when fellow pen-men visit and the result is what is known as the "inside chuckle" Now the "inside chuckle" has been let out by Jack Heller, a cartoonists' agent who persuaded magazine-dom's top illustrators to release their private stock to him so that he might compile a book of them The result is "Sex-clusive," a Belmont paperback edited by Heller which proves that the "inside chuckle" is as marketable as the cartoonists' more deliberately commercial work Originally intended for connoisseurs, BACHELOR here presents the best of "Sex-clusive" for the enjoyment of its readers ###

Reprinted by permission of Belmont Books Copyright 1960 by Belmont Productions, Inc



"We've reached earth—prepare to land!"

"Isn't it time for his midnight fix?"

"Come on, Francine, be a sport! What difference does it make now?"

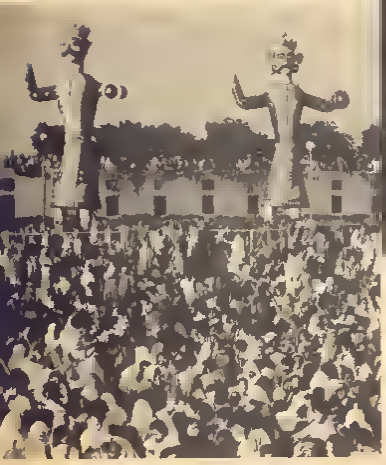
"OKAY, Buster, take your finger off the door b-b-b-"

"This is very embarrassing, Miss Chilton—it seems to be stuck."

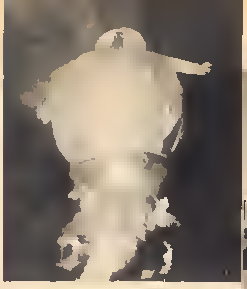
...THAT EVIL MAY PERISH

The Dussera Festival is the most spectacular event of the year in Delhi. It's also when the Devil gets his due!

A larger-than-life figure of Lord Rama is an important part of the festivities. His reign, called "Rule of the Ram," was one of prosperity



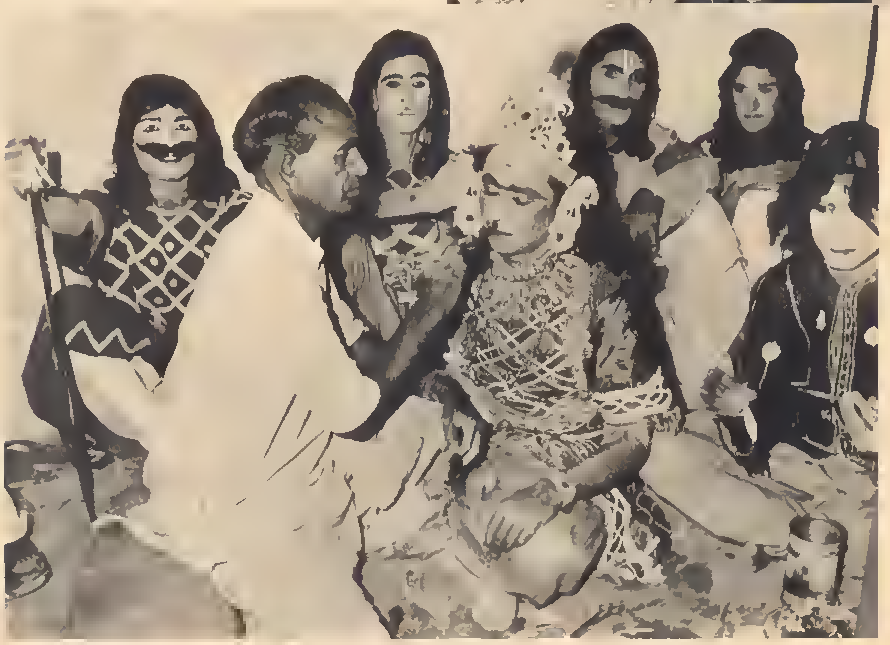
By twilight on the tenth day of the Festival, the field where Rama is to triumph over Ravana in fireworks display is jammed with spectators



Just before Festival starts, finishing touches are put to head of Rama. Festival's final day is climaxed by burning of Ravana.

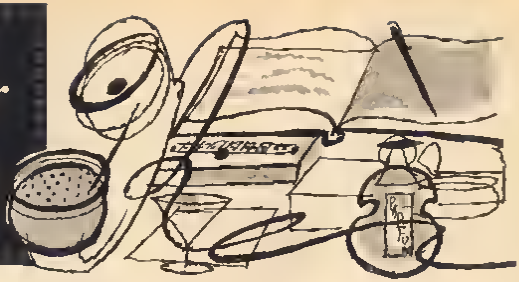
THE DEVIL gets his due once a year in Delhi, capital city of India. The occasion is the Dussera Festival, a colorful celebration symbolic of the triumph of Good over Evil. Or, in terms of the Hindu legend, a portrayal of the victory of Lord Rama over the ten-headed demon, Ravana. According to the legend, Ravana kidnapped Rama's beloved wife, Sita. Rama enlisted the aid of the war goddess, Durga, to get her back. This, he succeeded in doing, slaying the evil Ravana in the process. The Dussera Festival lasts ten days, during which time processions made up of elaborately decorated floats and accompanied by dancers and singers march through the city. The floats are painted to represent the principals in the story and are loaded with sky-rockets, fire-crackers and other explosives. These are set off on the last day of the Festival, which comes to an end with flaming arrows from Rama's bow piercing Ravana and other demons. Thus Evil goes up in flames. ###

Floats feature effigies of Rama and Sita. Below: An actor is being made up for role in open-air play.



"What ever happened to your friend.with the 'Love Thy Neighbor' sign?"

Handbook for married bachelors#2



BY HANK GROSS

THAT A MARRIED MAN must retain some semblance of his premarital know-how if he wishes to keep his spouse in love with him, is indisputable But how to go about it is another matter indeed Therefore, in line with Bachelor's policy of providing, via this column, advice on the elusive subject of how to make your marriage work without working too hard at it, we are devoting this issue's column to a discussion of the techniques a married man must use if he wishes to remain untamed while girdled on all sides by domesticity

The first, and most important concept to firmly imbed in your mind, is that you must make a point of standing up to your wife at least once each day Twice a day is better yet if you can manage, although, as with exercise, it might be a good idea to start off easy and work your way up This might be referred to as doing your daily *stand-ups*, and, like sit-ups and push-ups, it will prevent your position as head of the house from growing flabby

Stand-ups may be accomplished in a variety of ways, and it might even be fun to do them in a different way each time Ashes on the rug, for instance, is a good gambit for the beginner, reading the paper at breakfast puts you in the semi-pro class; and an expert can go on to more artistic needlers like forgetting birthdays, forgetting anniversaries, and even forgetting to come home once in awhile

Now that you've gotten into the swing of things, you can begin to concentrate on the second point Do not hide your faults In fact, it has been shown to be psychologically effective in the constant battle which is marriage to do just the opposite As the marital advice articles admonish, she married you as you were, and that's the way she's gotta take you So let her know that you intend to stay your own sweet self, and haven't got a single revision in mind Reveal faults she never suspected *anybody* of having Elaborate on the old familiar ones, round them out, polish them, In a pinch, invent a few faults This gambit should serve to keep the little woman continually aware that, faults or no faults, you are still the boss

Point number three is *Let her do things for you.* It's a well-known fact that a woman feels more like a woman when a man gives her firm commands to follow If you haven't been in the habit of doing this, again you'll find that the best policy is to break her in gently "Pass the salt, please," is a good example of such an introductory command After thoroughly conditioning her to pass anything within reach, you are then ready to advance to things that are not quite within reach, such as, "Honey, bow about running downstairs and bringing me up a pack of cigarettes?" If you've tried this too soon, chances are it will bring a "No," but don't let that throw you, simply affect a noble expression, tell yourself that "War is Hell," and proceed undaunted Under no circumstances should you give in and go down and get them yourself Nor (and Mac, if you do this, you're finished) should you ever go down and get cigarettes for *her!* Just keep on quietly barking orders and you'll find that pretty soon she'll start obeying them "Turn the light out, will you dear?" She's got to if she wants to go to sleep!

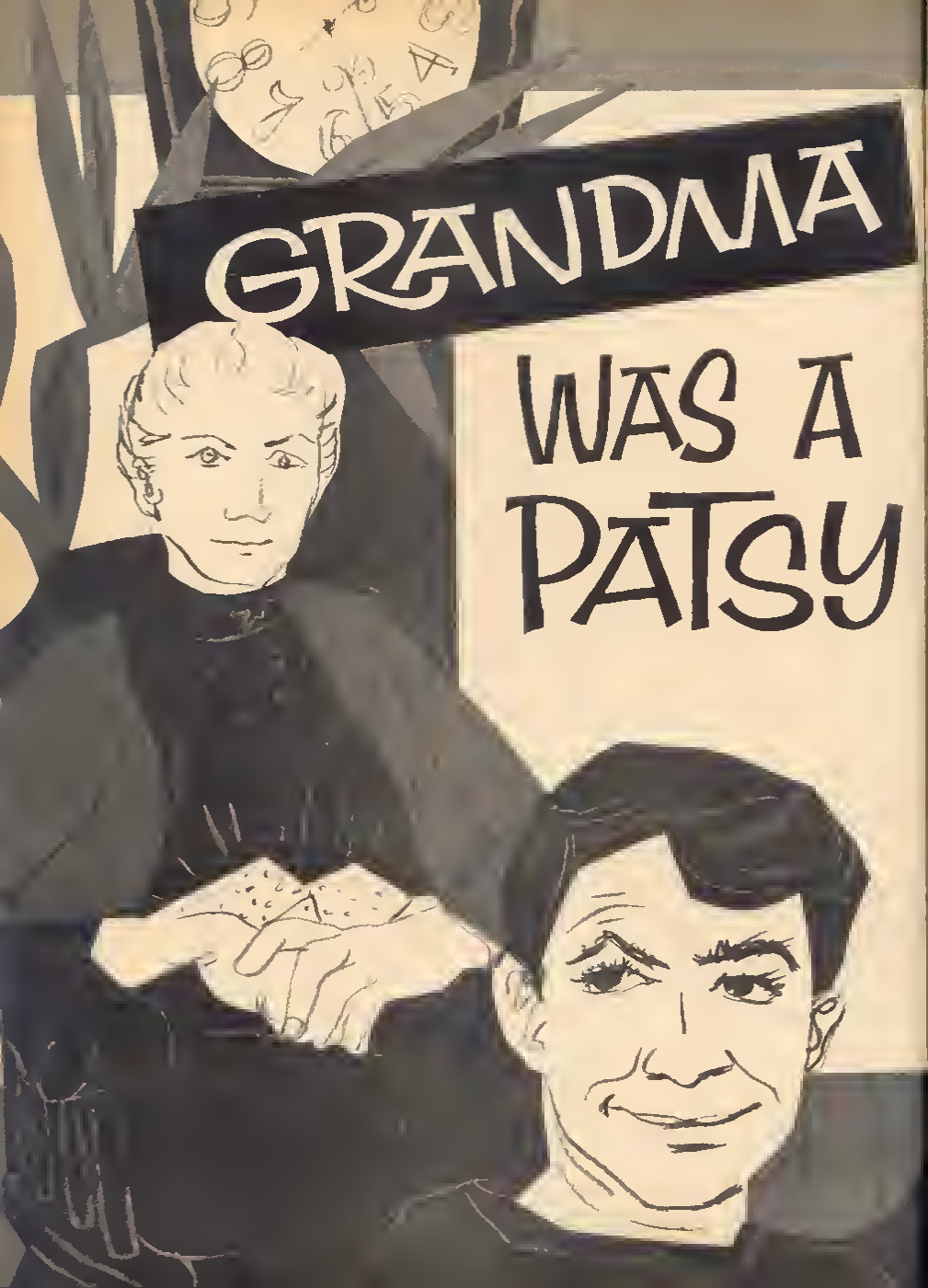
Finally we come to the bedroom, that last bastion where, when all else fails, the man can still remain king of the roost if he goes about it properly It is here that a man gets his final chance to assert himself

The best means of accomplishing said assertion, is to emulate those primitive, but highly successful masters of the technique of living with the female of the species, the cave-men of old No wife—not even if she wears the trousers all the day long—can resist a well-executed cave man approach as the shades of twilight deepen

As with the other methods, moderation is the keynote if this is your first attempt at this sort of boudoir buffoonery A few hearty "Ugh"'s interjected throughout the evening should suffice for a starter Then, as this starts to take effect, and you see her psuedo-manliness melting away and being replaced with pure femininity, you have a choice either increase the frequency of the "Ugh"'s, increase the volume, or increase the total dosage

As you wax accomplished at grunting in lordly fashion, you will likely start feeling your oats and pretty soon will want to go on to buttress your hard-won position as undisputed dictator of your domicile There are various related techniques which fall under the cave-man classification, but the only one you need really be concerned with is hair-pulling, an art which has fallen into some disfavor of late Nevertheless, it's a surefire technique, just so long as you remember that a little goes a long way Simply copy those numerous pictures you've seen of the big ox dragging his girl along the ground by her braids Grab a fistfull of your loved-one's locks and drag her from the kitchen to the bedroom and back again, several times a day If you have a set of stairs in the house, so much the better She'll love it

The basic point to remember is this Never yield an inch to a woman, if you do, she's bound to start thinking she's a ruler! ###


GRANDMA
WAS A
PATSY

A 70-yeor-old widow plus a fortune in oil added up to opportunity for two of the most personable—and most unprincipled—con men who ever buried a phony treasure ond dug it up ogain for fun and illicit profit!

BY CHARLES V. REMO

IT IS EXTREMELY DOUBTFUL that Mrs Dora Roberts of Big Spring, Texas ever heard of the late Phineas T Barnum and his celebrated dictum "There's a sucker born every minute" Or of Wilson Mizner, celebrated cafe wit half a century later, who added "And two wise guys to take him!"

If she had, Grandma Roberts (as she was known throughout the Big Horn country) might have saved herself a lot of embarrassing publicity, as well as more than a quarter of a million bucks in cold hard cash It is true that this sweet, trusting little old widow woman was a natural-born sucker Even so, she should have been at least a mite more suspicious about buying several tons of solid 24-carat gold bricks at less than ten cents on the dollar

However Grandma had learned that almost anything can happen in Texas

Up until 1930, when she turned 70, Mrs Roberts had lived a placid and uneventful existence on the ranch near Big Spring (population 5,000) left by her dear departed husband Suddenly oil was discovered on the property A horde of rough, tough drillers swarmed all over the ranch, tall derricks blossomed where steers formerly had grazed, black gold gushed out of the ground in such profusion that the widow suddenly found herself one of the wealthiest females in the southwest

Word of her good fortune eventually reached the ears of a thoroughly unprincipled young scamp named Walt Tinker, and his equally rascally uncle George Westfall, a tall impressive-looking gent in his late 50s These two Texas rattlers put their heads together and cogitated on ways and means of putting the bite on the rich old lady for a healthy chunk of her newfound oily lucre

The dastardly scheme they eventually concocted was inspired by a prominent landmark known as Signal Hill on the Roberts ranch According to popular legend, during the war for Texan independence a group of immensely rich *hidalgos* and their families, fleeing south to Mexico, had buried a fabulous treasure on this hill They never had returned to claim it In the intervening 100 years several attempts to locate the buried loot had been made All had failed

Buried treasure! What magic these simple words evoke Who can resist them?

So after duly laying the groundwork for larceny, one fine day in October 1932 the two miscreants drove up to Grandma's ranch. Uncle George, attired in ecclesiastic garb and a pious manner, introduced himself as the Reverend Doctor J B Bryant He said he had spent many years doing missionary work among the poor benighted Indians in Mexico In the course of his devout duties he had come upon a tale which might be of interest to Mrs Roberts

While riding through a village in the north of Mexico he'd heard heart-rending moans coming from a miserable hut Halting to investigate, he found a very old man alone, sick and starving He dismounted, ministered to the sick man, remained in the village long enough to nurse him back to health As he was about to depart, the old fellow said

"Señor, you have saved my life I can never repay you for that But I will give you something of value."

He unbuttoned his shirt, disclosing a worn buckskin bag suspended from his neck by a string Opening the bag, he drew from it a dog-eared piece of dirty parchment and handed it to his benefactor It was a crudely drawn map, obviously very old

"My father gave me this," he ex- (*Cont on p 93*)

BACHELOR VISITS A GLAMOR GIRLS'

PAJAMA PARTY

Nobody naps when beauties get together for a bedtime gab-fest. But who needs sleep with dreams like these?

See next page

Tell na secrets at pajama party say Reva Ramann (l.) and Grace Carroll. Girl wha does will be sorry later.

What da girls talk about at a pajama party? "Men will never know!" says Charlene James smilingly, while Donna Wadleigh (l.) explains that the reason they'll never know is because, as might be expected, it's men who are the topic of talk.

Julie Reding and Anita Duss (below) like pajama parties because they provide occasions for a girl to let her hair down.

"No man's land!" That's what a pajama party is according to these glamor girls. But they reckoned without the doggedness and the ingenuity of BACHELOR's photographer. He invaded the forbidden premises and managed to get away with these exclusive pix. How's that for being on the job? And how about a job like that?

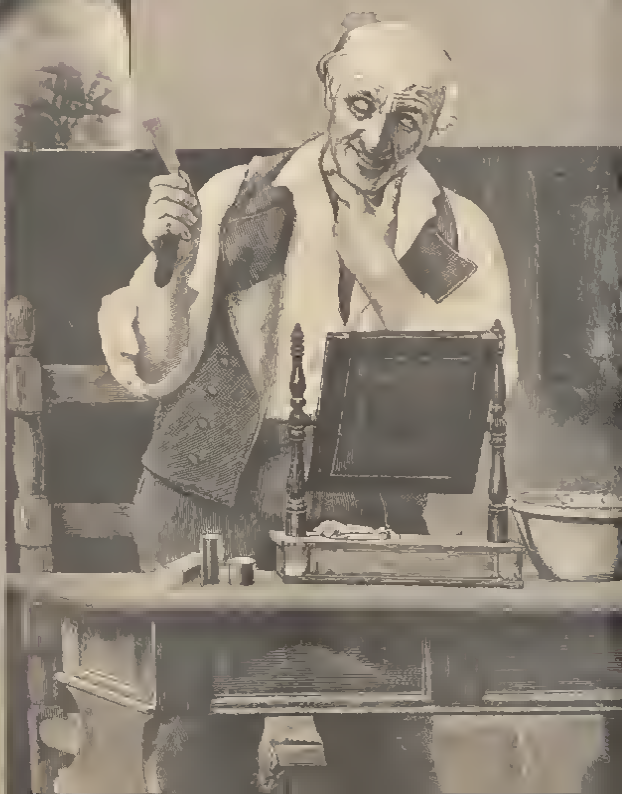
Dotty Jaye wore a nightie to the bedtime wingding, but ordinarily she hits the sack in the altogether.

Pajama parties are usually for teen-agers. But sirens like Mirzi DuBrais never outgrow enjoyment of them.

Bedtime at pajama party finds Tania Vella and Annie Andrews sleepy. Annie always sleeps in pigtails.

THE SHAVING GRACE

The razor-sharp lowdown on how and why man has always whittled his whiskers!



SHAVING IS A HABIT few men ever wonder about. For the most part they accept it as a necessary evil and keep scraping away—usually at the insistence of some female or other.

I began getting curious about this subject only a few months ago when I ran into an old friend I hadn't seen in several years. When I knew him before, he was an ordinary looking guy with a face as pink and clean as that of a Madison Avenue boy-wonder on his way to meet a favorite client. Now, however, he was sporting a full, black and luxuriant beard.

My first thought was that my friend had turned beatnik. But he denied this vehemently.

"I decided to grow my beard," he explained sternly, "when I began reading about all those girl athletes in the Olympics last Summer."

What do you mean" I asked
'It is the only public thing a man can do now-a-days that a woman can't'

My friend had a point Beards have been a symbol of masculinity off and on through the centuries In Victorian England for example, a gentleman who did not wear a beard was apt to have his virility questioned And in classical Greece, the philosopher Diogenes — whose major claim to fame was his futile search for an honest man—firmly believed that any man who took up shaving was trying to change his sex

Why do men shave then? Nobody knows for sure, but there have been several theories about it

One modern conjecture was that which I learned from a psychiatrist who stated that shaving is most popular in a society that's dominated by women Beards are a symbol of masculine authority," he said "The 19th century was male dominated The father image was extremely important Therefore beards were popular

'Today, the mother image is more important than the father image. Women are coming into social, economic and political prominence The masculine beard had to be shaved off—emasculated, so to speak'

This point of view seemed to be both logical and frightening as hell I was just about to throw away my razor for good when I came across some facts about Alexander the Great

Now, Alexander, who conquered every country he could get to and still found time for an active sex life, was far from being a sissy Yet he was the one who popularized shaving in his day by insisting that his own soldiers use their razors regularly Why? For a good military reason He did not want them to get their beards grabbed during the middle of a sword fight

The idea worked too In the hand-to-hand combat of the day, Alexander's beardless wonders wrought havoc on his fiercer looking, but far more vulnerable opponents One could almost say that Alexander' cutting of the beards changed history as much as his cutting of the Gordian knot

And so much for the good doctor's theory

For one reason or another, men have been shaving themselves practically since they crawled out of the caves and maybe even before Ra-

zors are among the oldest implements now in existence, some dating back four and five thousand years

They were fashioned out of almost every hard material you can think of. Some were made from something called 'obsidian or dark, volcanic rock that was chipped and fractured to give it a sharp cutting edge The ancient Chinese used clam shells as tweezers and pulled their beards out hair by hair In Egypt, they had razors of stone bronze and iron—depending on which era they were made in

Beard eradicating has had a long and honorable history in the Americas, also Flint razors were being used by the Indians of Peru in the year 2000 B C The Mayans whose history dates back 3000 years in Mexico and Guatemala, had a complete ritual about their faces They began stunting the facial hair before it even appeared on boys What hair did grow was then plucked out

Egypt's shaving rituals were also strictly followed According to the solid citizens of that time anyone who didn't shave was dirty, uncivilized and undoubtedly un-Egyptian, to boot

The men who dwelt by the Nile in those days, however were the type who liked to have their cake and eat it, too They wanted to be clean, healthy, modern and all that But, at the same time, they thought that a small beard could be a mighty fashionable decoration They compromised by tying one under their chins The common folk wore a short false beard which measured about two inches in length Those of the rulers were longer and square cut

The Egyptian gods, by the way are pictured with beards that turned up smartly at the bottom Nobody knows whether they were false or not

During the golden age of Greece, nobody shaved Nobody who counted at any rate Diogenes' opinion of those who did was shared by every other right-thinking man of the day Then Alexander's victories changed the facial habits of several nations including Greece and it became tough to find a man who didn't shave

Roman legions started shaving about 300 B C Later Julius Caesar insisted that his men scrape their beards clean with pumice—for the same reason apparently, that Alexander wanted his soldiers to be close-shaven (*Continued on* p 96)

U.S.A.
3
STAGE
ROCKET
RESEARCH
CENTER
ENGLEMAN.

Gags for Stags

A MAN WAITING for a bus noticed a pretty young girl stuffing her little dog into her blouse so that she'd be able to board the bus without the driver seeing him She made it successfully past the driver, but when she sat down, the man who had seen her hide the dog, now noticed that she was squirming uncomfortably in her seat

"What's the matter?" he asked "Isn't he housebroken?"

"Oh, he's housebroken, all right," the girl replied "He just isn t weaned"

# # #

Advised by his Editor in Chief to cut down on the size of his news stories, the young reporter turned in this gem of brevity "Sheldon Foflinger looked up the elevator shaft of the Plaza Hotel to see if the elevator was coming It was Age 24"

# # #

The precocious little kid was getting a bawling out from his mother for using a certain four-letter word "But Mommy," the kid complained, "Tennessee Williams uses that word all the time"

Replied the mother "Well, don't play with him then"

# # #

Little Johnny, six years old, approached his father one day and announced "Little Mary next door and me are going to get married"

"Well, that's fine son," said the father "But where are you going to live?"

"That's no problem," explained Johnny "Her father built her a playhouse in the backyard, and we're going to live in that"

'I see," said the father "But what are you going to do about babies? Have you thought about that?"

"Yes Mary and me talked it over We decided that if she lays any eggs, we'll just step on them"

# # #

The beatnik who had sped through an intersection against the light was pulled over to the curb by a cop "Didn't you see that red light?" rasped the cop

"Daddy-O," countered the beatnik, "I didn't even see the house"

# # #

A farmer's wife was telling the village constable about the young visitor they had from town whose language was rather raw She feared that her own child would pick it up

Later on the constable paid a call at the woman's house The young visitor answered the door

"Hello, little girl," said the policeman "Are you the little girl who's been using bad words?"

"Who told you?" was the answer

"A little bird"

"Well, I'll be damned!" huffed the little girl "And here I've been feeding the little bastards!"

# # #

A large crowd attended the big-time gambler's funeral, mostly his old professional friends The preacher intoned the eulogy "Nick is not dead," he said somberly, "he only sleeps"

From the rear of the crowd came a loud voice "I got a coupla grand that says he don't wake up"'

# # #

"I don't think you ought to become upset just because your son makes mudpies," said the psychiatrist "And the fact that he sometimes tries to eat them is also quite normal"

"Well, I don't think so," snapped the woman, "and neither does his wife"

THE QUEEN OF CAPER brings you old time French favorites, long circulated by word of mouth. Some are true stories, frolics of the bigwigs, barely veiled. Some are sly, ingenious concoctions. Some are bold burlesque. All make bang up, blowout entertainment, with ACTION louder than words.

DIVERSIONS

- Assault and Flattery
- The Love Powder
- Wife Beating — Evil or Good
- The Stable Boy and the Lady
- The Amorous Monkey
- The Widow Who Wouldn't
- Sauce for the Gander
- The Ghost in Night or
- The Widow and the Spanish Horse
- The Marked Lady and the Frenchman
- A Slip of the Tongue
- See No Evil
- The Shadow Kiss
- A Tarty Oath etc
- Plus 43 Breezy Illustrations

In THE QUEEN OF CAPER you get the best of the *Heptameron* by Margaret, Queen of Navarre. It's adult reading — a sassy classic, long censored and still hard to get. Enjoy the untampered text, an exact translation of the famous French original. Enjoy the wag gish, full-page pictures by a talented artist.

GUARANTEED

Sample these Varieties in Comedy 10 days free. Guaranteed to "sass up" your night life or your money back.

$2

MAIL COUPON TODAY

PLAZA BOOK CO., DEPT. L 546
109 Broad St. New York 4, N. Y.

Send THE QUEEN OF CAPER in plain wrap per. If not pleased I may return it in 10 days for refund

☐ I enclose $2.00—send postpaid

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman $2.00 plus postage

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Canada and Foreign—$2.50 with order

COLOMBO FINGERS COOLSVILLE

(*Continued from page 32*)

"Yes Yes Yes An' I'm for the togetherness bit, 'cause I believe in you, Chris How can I push?"

"I want to make the Coolsville scene westerly, but I need some green to put the show on the road."

"I'd go ape to help you go-go-go, man, but all the cabbage is in Ferdy's name No joint account."

"How 'bout hipping him into backing me There's profit in prophets Look how Polo paid off."

"There's honor in profit, but prophets without honor aren't for coupon-clipping I don't think Ferdy would buy."

"Then it's all a pipe-dream."

"Wait!" Maybe the piper can be paid There's another way."

"Like?"

"Like, I have all this glitter weighing down my bosom and giving me premature mammary-sag Why not triple-ball it? It should bring enough to put some slats twixt you and the gurgly."

And that's the way it came about Isabella hied herself to the hockery, niggled o'er the nuggets and came back with enough to send Colombo sailing. Ferdy was too busy unsnarling Krapp's Last Tape to miss the bauble-ry. He didn't even notice that Chris was but gone

So, in 14-double-O plus 92 Chris-the-kook sailed the salty blue He followed the sewage west until there was nothing to see but sea This not only got monotonous, but in those pre-Dramamine days, it was downright nauseating Finally his crew, squares all, began muttering mutinously

"If we're going to Coolsville, why didn't he turn East on Route one-oh-one?" they asked of each other

"No sense of direction!" they said

"Pull into a gas station and ask directions," they told him

"Rest rooms are for sissies," he answered boldly and they grew more mutinous

"Who wants to go to Coolsville anyway?" they asked "It's all crabgrass there Everybody knows that!"

"And the people are immoral "

"And the art is decadent "

"And the plumbing's just impossible I know, my school-teacher aunt went on a package deal last year and she was never so revolted in her life"

And finally, all together, "Let's turn back!" they shouted

But Chris was stubborn "Sail on, squares!" he ordered and, sheeplike products of mass culture that they were, they obeyed

Then, one day, there came a cry from the Old Crow's nest where a sailor was tying one on "Lan', hic, ho!" he shouted and was sick all over the poop deck

They sailed up to the shoreline and a small boat was launched to take Chris and a picked crew ashore Chris set foot on land, and breathed a low-note sigh "Coolsville at last!"

Just then an Indian peered around the flora, and addressed Chris "Did you say Coolsville, man? Boy, did you ever take a wrong turn This here's America!"

"America?"

"That's right, kook"

"America" Chris was forlorn Then he took a deep breath and squared his shoulders "Oh, well," he said, "that's the way the wind blows" ###

THE BOSTON TEA RUMBLE

(*Continued from page 33*)

"Yes," said an Art League student. The cry was picked up

"Yes, yes, oh, yes, yes"

"I know exactly what he means"

"He has captured it completely"

"How hip How utterly hip."

Next a poet addressed the gathering and read a poem titled "Death, Desolation and Despair," or "Tea-Squared, Tea-S, Tea-totaled." It was received well, the last verse—"*No tea naughty/ no tea death/ pushers haughty/ users caught-y/ nerves so taut-y/ 'Tis our death/ And their death/ All is death'/ death Death' DEATH!*"—resulting in two wrist-slashings, one unpublished composer running amok and decapitating a visiting square from Brookline and a hermaphrodite rending his/her clothing

Finally the anger was organized and channeled by a local manufacturer of switch-blade knives and zip-guns "We gotta have a rumble!" he told the poets and the poor, the artists and the alive and the half-alive and the half-dead, the method actors and the methodical and the method-less and the methes (lisp-ingly) and the Mithes and Mithers who were myths (without lithpth)—the frustrated hipsters, tealess all And the cry was taken up "A rumble! A rumble!"

A rumble!

And so they marched on Boston Bay, dressed as Indians (Adleran identification with the underdog) shouting war-cries like "Don't fire until you see the glaze of their eyeballs!" and "The only good pusher

is a dead pusher!" as they attacked

They fought their way aboard the tea-laden ships They stuffed their pockets and their boots and their noses with the stuff and then they set fire to all that they couldn't carry The smoke billowed over the harbor in a junk-burning smog

And the hipsters sat on the dock inhaling contentedly for a long time For a very long time indeed

###

THE FIG-NEWTON THEORY

(*Continued from page 34*)

Theory became the talk of Hip-Land.

It was debated in expresso joints "Its foundations are Freudian!" said one school "No, its basis is steeped in the tradition of Nietzsche," said another Or, "Newton's Theory is a rejustification of the Marxian tenet outlining the inflation spiral," claimed a third.

A famous modern artist painted his conception of "Fig Dropping from a Tree" and it was hung in the Guggenheim Museum Unfortunately, it wasn't until some weeks later that it was discovered that it had been hung upside-down

A fashionably filthy Frisco poet immortalized Newton's Fig in free verse "*Vine-ripened fig—/ Who gives a fig?/ Dro-o-ops from the branch/ (look out! Look out! humanity—fig-thought is evolution and the wakening of the Big Death is close, closer, here!)/ Fig come to rest/ Where Newton depressed/ thinks on his quest/ of meaning, dog gleaning, preening the brain for the fig-seeds of thought/ Like what goes up/ up goes/ down comes/ comes down in reaffirmation of the basic sexuality of nature/ etc*"

A Southern Congressman attacked Newton on the floor of the house "This theory is un-American, Red-inspired, Bolshevik-plotted and an insidious intimation that the esteemable businessmen of my fair state are artificially maintaining the price of cotton I say let's send this Newton cur back up where he came from—or is it down?"

And a Liberal from New York defended him "Newton may be the most scurrilous, contaminated, propaganda-spouting, Commie-inspired saboteur of our time, but he has a right to be heard That is, I think he might have a right to be heard under the Constitution, doesn't he? Well, if there's any doubt about it, why not let the Supreme Court decide I, for one, am prepared to keep an open mind"

All of this, naturally, led to some changes in Newton's life He left the farm and went to the big city The hip received him with open arms as one of themselves He made the scene in a big way

He sat with his eyes smarting from smoke and listened to poetry being read

He went to the Museum of Modern Art and 'yes-yes-yessed' all the dizzy egg-stains and gravy-stains and modern artistic gravy trains

He listened to progressive jazz as long as his Anacin and his eardrums held out

And he bought himself a Jag

Which he drove over the countryside with a chick beside him

Until he ran it up a tree

And was propelled by the crash high into the air

Never to come down

Somehow it seemed to invalidate his whole life

###

"... article 4—the right of the people to be secure in their persons, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrants shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation ..."

PRICE WAR SALE
STAG MOVIES
10 GREAT STAG SHOWS
$2 ALL TEN
Strictly for adults, the most sensational gals in the greatest stag shows ever put on film for private collectors, and now at a fantastic, low, low bargain price. Each different, each outstanding, ten eager gals tease and please. Guaranteed.
LIMITED OFFER.
RUSH $2 for 8mm, $4 for 16mm
STUDIO 3501 BOX 46664, L. A. 46, CALIF.
NO PROJECTOR? NEW 8mm MOVIE VIEWER SHOWS ALL THE ACTION ALL THE DETAIL
$5

Here's a Garden of Eden, unspoiled! Graceful flirtatious beauties far outnumber the men Beach and sun provide the life you want Food is abundant drinks cheap, the pace leisurely For one or two dollars a day, you live like a king!

This is no dream, it's a real place—a day's trip if you're in a hurry You can go by car or bus, train or plane So close is Paradise, if you know where to find it!

This romantic retreat is fully described in a new book PARADISE FOR MALES Other incredible retreats, equally thrilling, equally available, are also included in this fascinating book Of special masculine appeal are the full page pictures, showing types of native beauty

Adventure calls! It takes just one dollar to get all the practical information you need—how to go, where to stay, what to do, how little it costs If you don't find a dollar's worth of excitement in text and pictures, return the book for refund

To get PARADISE FOR MALES, send $1 00 or pay postman cost plus postage

PLAZA BOOK CO., DEPT Y- 786
109 Broad St., New York 4 N Y

THE FRISCO SHAKE-UP

(*Continued from page 35*)

"I pretend I'm farm earth that's been planted without rotating the crops I pretend my fertility's gone, but still some damn-fool farmer's wantin' to start sowin' See how it works?"

It was uh-uh goins, the poet, who raised the question of side results

"No kapish," Romaine told him

The bard explained "According to every science—and that explicity includes psychology—known to man, every action has an equal and opposite reaction Thus the instinct to survive is opposed by the death wish, laughter is the flip side of tears, cacophony is basically as rhythmic as harmony, creativity is dependent upon destruction, innocence breeds experience and, in every case, vice versa"

"But what's that got to do with the Earth-force in acting?" Romaine wanted to know.

"Just this "If you draw from the earth for the force of your portayal, then you must cause some reaction in the earth itself There must be some compensation in which the earth sucks back the life-force you have removed in some way"

"I see," said Romaine

"It's obvious," the group echoed "Of course Of course"

"I'm not so sure," said Polevault, who fancied himself something of an iconoclasts' iconoclast and therefore made it a point to always constitute himself Hipdom's loyal opposition "I'd like to put it to the test"

"How?" K-K-K-Kuracao asked

"Let's have Romaine give us a demonstration, a strong demonstration and see how the Earth reacts"

"All right, what should I do?" Romaine, ever the dedicated ham, was willing

They mulled it over awhile They wanted to make it tough and strong and sure to evoke some palpable reaction Finally, they decided, Romaine was to use the earth-force method, draw upon the earth-force to portray Salome's Dance of the Seven Veils

Romaine closed her eyes and breathed deeply She was obviously establishing communion with the Earth Then, slowly, rhythmically, she began to move, She shed the first veil—actually her trench-coat

There was a distant rumble

The second veil—the rumble grew closer

The third veil—a crack appeared down the length of Market Street

The fourth veil—Nob Hill trembled visibly

The fifth veil—Buildings crumbled, people fled.

The sixth veil—Fire swept the city

The seventh veil—The dust settled over the rubble

Canny Polevault, the artist, crawled out from under the ruins and looked at the debacle around him His artist's eye took it all in, and finally he spoke

"That," he said, "is what I call method acting" ###

ENGLEMAN

THE DOG WHO FLUSHED QUAIL

(*Continued from page 9*)

guilty whatever in keeping women interested. The issue usually lay in how he could get rid of them once *he* had lost interest. The idea of a growling dog discouraging a tiresome female appealed to him. Besides, the dog seemed to be such a happy, friendly character. Since he had absolutely no intention of getting married, it might be nice to have a squat admirer greeting him at the door every night with doggy love and admiration.

"Well, I'd like to help you out, pal . . ." The pleading hope in his friend's eyes decided him. "Okay, I guess I'm crazy but what does he eat?"

And that was how it started. Long John and Bob Willis took to each other immediately. The dog followed him around the small apartment faithfully, being careful to avoid getting directly underfoot. It was true that he rarely barked, and he required an outing only twice a day. He ate sparingly and daintily and shed his hair almost not at all. The most amazing thing of all was that his former owner's complaint seemed at first to be completely unfounded.

Bob decided to test Long John's distaste for the female of the species on the day after he had taken him. He had a lovely friend, a brunette of amazing proportions who shared his bed and board from time to time. It was an ideal arrangement—no strings and no regrets. Her name was Joanne, and she was a fashion model. Bob escorted her expectantly through the door of the apartment, waiting for Long John to exhibit his disapproval. It was a deflated moment. Long John ran over to her at once and began licking her feet affectionately. She patted his silky coat. They were friends.

Momentarily Bob was disappointed. It wasn't that he wanted to get rid of Joanne. He just wanted to see the remarkable dog display his talents.

He was rewarded a week later. He had a beautiful blonde receptionist in his office who had failed to respond amorously to all of his charming efforts. He had wined and dined her, attempting seduction only at the most advantageous moments—on a deserted beach under the moonlight—in a convertible parked at the water's edge—occasions that would have had Joanne attacking *him* passionately. But the blonde had demured consistently, and now Bob was using Long John as his last hope. Women were known to be strangely affected by a devoted relationship between a strong man and a small dog who adored him. However, the moment the blonde stepped over the threshold, Long John let out a low, menacing growl that stopped her on the spot. Bob stared at him.

"Hey, you crazy mutt, did you

"Harrison!"

suddenly remember your function in life?"

"Wh— What are you talking about? Ahhh keep him away from me!" She screeched and stepped back as Long John approached her threateningly.

"Sit!" Bob commanded "It's okay," he assured the girl "He won't hurt you He just doesn't like girls much"

"Well, the feeling is mutual! Let's get out of her!" They left, with Bob throwing a discreet glance of appreciation for a good performance at Long John befoee he went For one ridiculous second, it seemed to Bob that Long John winked at him

The peculiarity of Long John's behavior did not fully impress Bob until he had brought a third young lady to the testing ground This one was a blonde also Bob was conducting a scientific experiment, attempting to determine whether or not Long John growled only at fair-haired females. He recalled that his friend had mentioned the fact that the girl in his ruined romance had been a redhead This particular blonde was fresh and country-pure, with an angelic smile and a twenty-inch waistline It was the first time that she had been to the apartment Long John's reaction was exactly as it had been to Joanne He approached the girl delightedly, licked her feet and waited to be petted Bob scratched his head thoughtfully So it had nothing to do with coloring! Everything was so amiable that within a few hours Bob and the girl were pleasantly engaged on his Castro convertible, Long John eesting on the floor near their shoes, snoozing peacefully The events of the evening had come as a surprise to Bob, since he had expected to win over this innocent only after the most adroit preparation When he considered that fact, and added a few other things to it, a glimmering of an idea began to occur to him

He had heard it said that animals had a sort of sixth sense about things They could smell death or trouble miles away They sensed a person who feared them, and attacked him Their ears could pick up sounds that were beyond the range of human ears. Why not a dog that could sense whether a female "would" or "wouldn't"! That would account for Long John's friendliness towards Joanne and this little blonde, and his growling at the blonde receptionist and his friend's reluctant redhead It was a thought worth considering!

For several months thereafter, Bob Willis considered it He not only considered it, but he put it to the test. Whenever Long John growled at a girl, he used all of his

MEN . . . YOU GET ALL TEN OF THESE TERRIFIC STAG MOVIE SUBJECTS FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE OF ONE!

You must be delighted . . . you must be thrilled you must agree that these are the most terrific girls you've ever seen in action or your money back!

TEN STAG MOVIE SUBJECTS

all ten only $2.00

8mm

GREATEST ADULT MOVIE BARGAIN EVER!

A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for you to get ten delightfully different, sensationally thrilling stag shows on film FOR LESS THAN THE PRICE OF ONE! Lovely, lascious young beauties go all out to please . . . ten girls, ten action plots, ten exclusive stag subjects, the kind you've always wanted, the kind only Titan Stag Films gives you!

NOW! DON'T DELAY! SPECIAL LIMITED INTRODUCTORY OFFER FOR NEW CUSTOMERS ONLY!

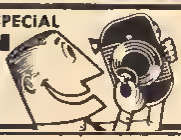
RUSH $2 CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER (FOR 16mm SEND $4.50)

DEPT 50-10

TO TITAN STAG FILMS

BOX 46836, WEST HOLLYWOOD 46, CALIF.

MOVIE VIEWER SPECIAL FOR TITAN CUSTOMERS ONLY $4.95



DON'T MISS a thrill, a breath taking, lantalizing action in Titan Stag Films New Optic Movie Viewer for 8mm 50' films gives big, bright, life like motion pictures for intimate shows even slow or stop motion See ad above

STAG STORIES FOR MEN

ADULTS ONLY

the book nobody dared to print!

COMPLETE—UNABRIDGED—UNCENSORED EDITION MOST DARINGLY INTIMATE BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!

OTHERS PRINT IMITATIONS WE DARE PRINT THE ORIGINALS! No holds barred! No detail omitted! Scene for scene, act for act, every action is fully described with intimate details word for word and exactly as they were when you passed them around on wallet worn typewritten sheets!

Shocking, racy, old time favorites such as:

HER ST BERNARD, THE LOVIN FAMILY, GASTON & ALPHONSE, THE NOBO & THE SOCIETY GIRL, DEVIL & THE BLONDE!

Plus many *brand new* ones like:

SEVEN GWARFS FOR ADULTS, THE LOVE ATHLETE, WHO MADE THE MAID, HER BIG NIGHT, and many others!

MANY ILLUSTRATED WITH ACTUAL PHOTOS AND DANGEROUS BUT DELIGHTFUL ART!

$2.98

SEND CASH, CHECK OR MONEY ORDER Sorry, no C.O.D. orders

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

LIMITED PUBLISHERS GUILD RA-1

BOX 46977, Los Angeles 46, California

manly attributes to lure her to bed He failed every single time, and only admitted failure after he had tried everything short of rape When the dog was friendly towards a female, he was successful without exception The dog was a gem! The future loomed glowingly before his enchanted eyes Due to the fantastic psychic powers of a little black dachshund, he would never again have to waste time on an unresponsive woman

Into the midst of this idyllic little bachelor-dog haven drifted Eloise A graceful, statuesque brunette with a dimpled smile and Miss America build, Eloise was a rare jewel Bob presented her to Long John after a whole week of hedging So anxious was he to secure Eloise that he was afraid of the meeting between her and the dog! Diffidently, he handed her over the fateful threshold of his apartment, and held his breath For a fraction of a minute, Long John didn't move He seemed to be considering her Then he ran over to her, sniffed briefly, and began licking her feet in a frenzy of passion that Bob had never before seen him display He was overjoyed The dog was so emphatic in his approval that Bob had to drag him bodily away from the beautiful Eloise

"What a darling dog! Is he always this friendly?" she asked

"No As a matter of fact, he's quite discerning He must sense your affectionate nature," Bob answered suggestively

Eloise smiled Later, when he was reconsidering the whole evening, Bob decided that things might have progressed differently if Long John hadn't been quite so devoted to Eloise Bob couldn't get the dog off Eloise's lap long enough to get anywhere near her himself Frustrated, he decided that the only solution was to woo her somewhere else, somewhere that Long John wasn't

So he tried Oh, how he tried! He took her dancing to secluded little hideaways on Westchester country roads He plied her with exotic foods and liqueurs, especially designed to lower the female resistance He recited romantic poetry to her at dawn in Washington Square Park He exhausted himself so thoroughly in his attempts that he barely had the strength left for the final maneuver And then, amazingly, he failed! She was sweet. She was warm. But she was emphatic! A kiss and a fond caress were the absolute limit Bob was bewildered For months he had followed Long John's directives and never before been disappointed. Resolutely, he brought her back to the apartment Long John's reaction was the same as it had been the first time The dog could barely contain his excitement Bob doubled his efforts He outdid himself with all sorts of extravagantly sentimental attempts, even taking her for a boatride up the Hudson on a star-filled night But Eloise remained steadfast

"I'm sorry, Bob," she said gently "You mean so very much to me, but

" and the "but" was self-explanatory.

Ask any husband in the world, and he'll tell you what happened next There finally came the night when Bob, firm supporter of bachelor's rights everywhere, just couldn't take it any more In one frustrated, half-crazed moment, when he really shouldn't have been held responsible for his actions, he proposed marriage If he couldn't have her any other way—well, that was life! And, of course, Eloise accepted This also was in keeping with tradition, for why else would any beautiful, full-blooded American girl hold out against the inevitable? She wanted to get married, naturally Almost before poor Bob knew what was happening, the two of them were standing up before a justice of the peace in a small town in Maryland at three o'clock in the morning

Later, in the comfort and warmth of their motel room, Bob reviewed the situation philosophically The problem, he decided, was that Long John couldn't talk So how could he possibly have communicated the idea that this marvelous, enticing creature could be had, but only if he married her first? It was expecting too much of any dog, even an exceptional one He would just have to forgive Long John and resign himself to the not-too-dismal prospect of life with Eloise It was contrary to the vision of life he had planned for himself, but there it was, and he would have to be satisfied with it The thought occurred to him that he should, in the interest of science, commit Long John to some sort of institution so that his extraordinary perception could be studied, but he dismissed it immediately Any dog could predict the capitulation of a *wife*, couldn't he? No—the future with Long John would just have to be normal and domestic On that note, he fell asleep

The following morning, he and Eloise went back to the little Village apartment Long John had been alone all night, and he was wild with excitement upon seeing his two favorite humans come to rescue him He positively leapt into Eloise's arms, and refused to be dislodged

"You little darling," she cooed, "just wait until you see what I have

COMPLETE 4 PIECE MATCHED SET OF LUGGAGE

Unbelievably Priced at ONLY $298

Yes, that price is correct. Only $2.98 for the complete 4 piece set. Not $2.98 each but $2.98 complete for all 4 pieces. And there is nothing else to buy — no extras, no additions. Its modern appearance and wide stitched simulated leatherette material will amaze you with its good looks.

IMPORTED AND MASS PRODUCED TO MAKE THIS PRICE POSSIBLE

This tremendous bargain is possible only through the use of pressed chipboard. This wonderfully versatile material bends around three sides and is bonded by sturdy wide stitching to the overlapping closing. Snap locks and handles are screwed in place. This big one has extra metal stripping for strength and long wear. Inside has laminated modern design print. Each piece fits inside the next larger which saves your storage space and makes our shipping easier.

NOT FANCY LUGGAGE — BUT USEFUL, PRACTICAL

You will be thrilled and delighted with the many, many uses you will find for this set. It will make a marvelous gift and your thoughtfulness will be appreciated for such a long time. Lightweight. It avoids the silly situation where the luggage weighs more than she clothing carried. When this offer was first made to us by the overseas company we couldn't believe our ears but we were delighted when we saw it just a few days ago—and you will be too. Each piece serves a specific purpose such as vanity and cosmetic case (8") personal Valet (10"), overnight case (12") or family size (14").

Remember, the complete price for all 4 matched pieces of luggage is only $2.98. Because of its size we are forced to ask for an additional 65c shipping charge.

10 Day Free Trial

Simply fill in the coupon and when your 4 piece matching set of luggage arrives pay the postman only $2.98 plus C.O.D. and shipping charges. Then open and try them for 10 full days. If you are not 100% delighted then simply return them for your full purchase price refund.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

NORDE HOUSE PRODUCTS COOP Dept. VC 65
Lynbrook, N. Y.

Rush my matching 4 piece set of luggage at once. I understand if I am not 100% delighted I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ I enclose $2.98 and 65c shipping charges. Same Money back Guarantee.

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and shipping charges.

Name _____

Address _____

for you! Now be a good doggie and wait here until we come back." Then she put him down on the floor where, to Bob's amazement, he seemed content to remain, wagging his tail frantically.

"You know, darling," Eloise said on the way out, "I wonder sometimes if you didn't marry me partly because I get along so well with Long John."

Bob laughed. "Some day, maybe, I'll tell you!"

A half hour later, Bob Willis' carefully analyzed world collapsed with a resounding thud. It happened when Eloise threw open the door to her apartment, a heretofore forbidden territory. A frenzied ball of curly grey fur flung itself at her feet, yapping hysterically. Eloise picked it up.

"A a dog!" he shouted.

"Yes, darling," she answered coyly. "I was saving her as a surprise for you and Long John, but I think you're the only one who's really surprised. Something tells me that Long John picked up her scent long ago—probably the first time he ever saw me!"

And so ends the tale of the miracle dog who proved to be—after all—just a dog! ###

"Don't get ponicky—it's for my pomeranion."

WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR BOSS FLIPS

(Continued from page 11)

relations are any more successful, lately, than his relations in the office."

"What can be done about it, doctor?"

"He needs treatment and needs it badly. I believe that his condition is too severe to be treated at home. Temporarily, at least, he should be taken out of the environment which is triggering the trouble. The best thing would be for him to remove himself completely from both the business and his wife while he is undergoing therapy. But you tell me that his presence is necessary for the success of the organization?"

"Yes."

"In that case, he should at least be taken from his home environment and placed in a sanatorium during the nights and weekends. With the marital and family pressures eased, he should be able to carry on here while he is receiving treatment."

"And if nothing is done?"

"It is hard to predict what will happen. But he has already lost touch with reality to a large extent. If he isn't helped soon, he may well retire completely into his own make-believe world."

"My advice gentlemen," the doctor concluded, "would be to get in touch with his wife. Her life cannot be very pleasant today. Explain the situation to her frankly and try to get her cooperation. If you do this, you should be able to convince him to enter a psychiatric hospital. And, in time, there is no reason why he should not make a satisfactory adjustment."

The idea of this "sleep-in" psychiatry is a fairly recent development. Though it was tried on an individual basis by U.S. hospitals for quite a few years, the first large-scale try out came in Canada. This was in 1954 when the Montreal General Hospital decided to experiment with it in that city.

"Doctors had been seriously considering going into large-scale operations for some time before that," a psychiatrist told me. "We got the idea from the success of our day-care centers. These were basically designed for wives and children who needed supervised care and activities, but for one reason or another, have to live at home.

"We figured that if removing a housewife from her pressures during the day would permit her to function at home in the evenings while she is still under care, why couldn't we do the same thing in reverse for the day-working executive?"

In other words, where the day-centers will adjust a person to his family, sleep-in psychiatry first adjusts him to his job.

This sometime causes conflicts. Not every wife is willing to give up her husband so that a business can function better. In the case of a world-famous trial lawyer, for example, the little woman put her foot down completely.

"Why should his family make the sacrifice?" she demanded. "Let him stay away from the business for a while. He can take his treatments during the day and come home to his family at night."

This manifesto called for some plain speaking on the part of the legal-eagle's partner. "Try looking at it this way," he said, carefully. "I'm not going to tell you about the men and women who work for the law firm and would suffer if we went under. That would be a waste of time.

"But consider your own way of life. You have a nice home, a full time cook and maid, you only wear high-fashioned clothes and both your children are enrolled in expensive private schools. Are you willing to give all this up?

"Because I can assure you that your husband is essential to the well-being of our operation. If our firm suffers to any large extent, your way of life will change drastically."

The wife quickly saw the light. A few days later she managed to talk the lawyer into becoming a sleep-away patient at a private sanatorium.

It is not only the top boss who must take advantage of this kind of treatment. More and more major corporations are making regular arrangements to send away any one of their senior executives who shows signs of cracking under the pressure of modern business.

The Gracie Square Hospital in New York City, for example, has a roster of thirty companies who send their officials there. This seems even more impressive when you consider that the hospital was only opened in April, 1959. At that time they had three companies who sent patients to them.

A smaller New York hospital, the Eastview, uses about half of its 60 bed capacity for business and professional people.

A sleep-away patient in one of the psychiatric hospitals lives in conditions that are more like those in a luxury hotel than in the typical 'snake-pit" of popular fiction.

"We believe in trying to ease a patient back to his normal life," a psychiatrist pointed out. "It wouldn't do any good for a man who is used to the finer things and who works all day in a comfortable office to be forced to spend his evenings uncomfortably."

The food is prepared to tempt the stomach of a man who has lunched at the Stork or 21. The furniture is apt to be modern and the windows tastefully draped.

Once inside what one former inmate referred to as his "gold-plated squirrel cage," the day-time boss begins a series of planned activities including the essential visit to his psychiatrist for a session of analysis.

Though he may remain for several months, the average stay is actually much shorter. The typical patient at Gracie Square, for instance, will be living at home again in about three and a half weeks.

"Work itself helps shorten the time that many of our businessmen patients are here," one hospital director claims. "If they went away to an old-fashioned sanatorium, they would either spend the greater part of their days just vegitating or in make-work projects such as basket-weaving.

"We don't need to have artificial projects. Their jobs give them a sense of importance and meaning that our psychiatric staff can then direct in a healthy manner. And the fact that these men realize how essential they are to their offices makes them work that much harder with the psychiatrists."

One of the factors that make sleep-in care popular with the major corporations is this fast rate of treatment. More often than not, a top man is needed in the evenings as well as during the day. And with the rapid cures the psychiatric hospitals aim for, the V.I.P. may well be back attending social functions almost before his absence is noticed.

Most patients who come from the larger corporations are not sent there by fellow executives, but by a staff psychiatrist. It is a rare major

DON'T MISS
The September Issue of
BACHELOR

The Shapeliest Girls
The Timeliest Articles
The Finest Fiction
The Funniest Humor

On Sale At Your Local Newsstand JUNE 6th

firm which does not have one of these birds on the premises And most corporation psychiatrists are ordered to keep at least one eye cocked on the executive suite

When the staff headshrinker decides to send an executive for sleep-away treatment, he gives him and his wife a pep-talk and enters him discreetly in a nearby private hospital It has happened that a man has been treated, cured and released without his closest friends in the company knowing a thing about it

In many smaller firms, however, the decision to do something about the boss has been a more spectacular one The head of an exclusive dress firm, for instance, was sent to the hospital after his staff heard a large commotion in the inner office They entered to find their employer—a large, stout, rather pompous gent—stark naked and chasing a well-stacked young model around his desk! He might have caught her too, if it weren't for the intervention of a couple of husky male employees who held him down while the girl was rescued

A hurried conference was called between the staff and the boss' wife By telling him in no uncertain terms what would happen if he did not agree, they managed to get the boss to enter one of the private hospitals

For a long time, ulcers have been considered an executive's hazard The front-office man who did not have at least one ulcer attack during his business career was considered a failure

Today, however, mental crack-ups are bidding to replace the ulcer as the boss' favorite disease We can even look forward to a time when no major firm will hire an executive who doesn't show some signs of going off his nut

Perhaps this will be a good thing The ulcer patient who doesn't smoke or drink for fear of upsetting his stomach can turn into a pretty dull guy Having a look around the place would be at least interesting

Of course, things could get embarrassing if he goes too far The average boss is difficult enough to live with as it is without having him turn into a raving manic-depressive or schizophrenic

But that's all taken care of today If Mr. Big-Dome does flip his lid you know just what to do Contact the nearest private mental hospital and enter him for the course He'll be back in the office the next day and spend the evenings taking those bats out of his belfry At work nothing will be changed, except that life could be a little better for you Because if the boss starts getting too nasty, you can always threaten to tell his psychiatrist! ###

PERSONALIZED HOME BAR

ONLY $5.98

Personally Initialled
It's Portable
For Parties, Gatherings
Basement

This handsome portable Home Bar personalized with your initials in a striking 3 dimensional contrast makes it easy to serve guests in style Made for both indoor and outdoor use Its handsome contrast of wood grain and gold finish makes for a sparkling setting in the home Adds class to any party or gathering and points up the cleverness of its proud owner And for relaxing at home In the parlor den or basement it a certainly a convenient handsome addition Only $5 98 Comperable in satisfaction and utility to bars selling for $30 A perfect gift for any occasion

10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Order today! If not delighted return for refund Because of its large size we are forced to ask for 63¢ shipping charges

FEATURES

- Personalized With Your Initials
- It s Portable—Sets Up Indoors Or Out
- Built in Shelf Holds Full Party Supplies
- Stain Resistant Bar Top

It s Big—39" wide, 38" high, 13' deep

Sturdily built of aluminum laminated and wood grain finished Multi Plate Fiberboard This handsome personalized Home Bar is resistant to alcohol and soda stains Handy built in shelf holds full supply of bottles glasses and napkins Full size bar top holds drinks pretzels chips etc Sets up in a jiffy and folds compact for easy storage A beauty for your home and a novel gift Style initials desired with each order

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

S J Wegman Co , Dept RB 45
LYNBROOK NEW YORK

Rush my new personalized portable Home Bar at once If I am not delighted I may return it after ten days Free Trial for prompt refund of full purchase price

☐ Send C O D I will pay postman on delivery plus C O D shipping charges
☐ I enclose $5 98 plus shipping charges

NAME
ADDRESS
MY INITIALS ARE

UNCENSORED
Never a gal like her in a film like this torrid production Her body is sensational She'll make you shudder with pleasure She'll delight you

THE GREATEST BURLESQUE MOVIE EVER MADE!

You won't believe your eyes when you see it. You'll not part with it for any price. The film of the century can now be yours!

HONEY BEE
42-26-37
A SENSATIONAL STAG SHOW
STRICTLY FOR ADULTS

GUARANTEED
Your money back at once if it's not better than any you've seen

8mm Movie (50 feet)	$3 00
16mm Movie (100 feet)	$6 00
8 4x5 Photos	$2 00
5 2x2 Color Slides	$2 00
Melton 8mm Movie Viewer	$4 95

Send cash, check or money order • No C O D's

TIGER PRODUCTION LAB
BOX 46993 HOLLYWOOD 46 CALIF
DEPT A-7

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

Your Big Opportunity /

$4 lessee course on proved, tested w...to-date, profitable methods. Amazing inside-scoops of the big mail order game and practical How to start you must read before business one cent. Just mail coupon for this if you're for quick and easy profitable money after business. mail coupon for Fol or ... $5 $6 ... full refund, guaranteed no-risk! Flora lessee 40 Do Not Order Course

5 ACRES and INDEPENDENCE

How to Buy a Small Farm and Run it PROFITABLY!

SECLUSION? Or are you a part-time farmer who wants to make money? Then a few acres and use them wisely. You can make a good living, have pleasant surroundings and possibly escape the rat race to enjoy a comfortable country home. This 5-acre booklet tells you how to do it. Tells you what to look for when you buy, how to plan your farm for profit, how to get started. Tells you how to get the most out of your land. Tells you how to get the most out of your time. Tells you how to get the most out of your money. Tells you how to get the most out of your life. Tells you how to get the most out of your family. Tells you how to get the most out of your community. Tells you how to get the most out of your country. Tells you how to get the most out of your world. Tells you how to get the most out of your universe. Tells you how to get the most out of your everything. Tells you how to get the most out of your nothing. Tells you how to get the most out of your zero. Tells you how to get the most out of your infinity. Tells you how to get the most out of your eternity. Tells you how to get the most out of your forever. Tells you how to get the most out of your never. Tells you how to get the most out of your always. Tells you how to get the most out of your sometimes. Tells you how to get the most out of your maybe. Tells you how to get the most out of your perhaps. Tells you how to get the most out of your possibly. Tells you how to get the most out of your probably. Tells you how to get the most out of your certainly. Tells you how to get the most out of your definitely. Tells you how to get the most out of your absolutely. Tells you how to get the most out of your positively. Tells you how to get the most out of your guaranteed. Tells you how to get the most out of your money back. Tells you how to get the most out of your satisfaction. Tells you how to get the most out of your no-risk. Tells you how to get the most out of your trial. Tells you how to get the most out of your examination. Tells you how to get the most out of your inspection. Tells you how to get the most out of your approval. Tells you how to get the most out of your purchase. Tells you how to get the most out of your order. Tells you how to get the most out of your coupon. Tells you how to get the most out of your page. Tells you how to get the most out of your book. Tells you how to get the most out of your publication. Tells you how to get the most out of your magazine. Tells you how to get the most out of your newspaper. Tells you how to get the most out of your media. Tells you how to get the most out of your communication. Tells you how to get the most out of your information. Tells you how to get the most out of your knowledge. Tells you how to get the most out of your wisdom. Tells you how to get the most out of your understanding. Tells you how to get the most out of your intelligence. Tells you how to get the most out of your mind. Tells you how to get the most out of your brain. Tells you how to get the most out of your thoughts. Tells you how to get the most out of your ideas. Tells you how to get the most out of your concepts. Tells you how to get the most out of your theories. Tells you how to get the most out of your principles. Tells you how to get the most out of your laws. Tells you how to get the most out of your rules. Tells you how to get the most out of your regulations. Tells you how to get the most out of your guidelines. Tells you how to get the most out of your instructions. Tells you how to get the most out of your directions. Tells you how to get the most out of your steps. Tells you how to get the most out of your procedures. Tells you how to get the most out of your methods. Tells you how to get the most out of your techniques. Tells you how to get the most out of your skills. Tells you how to get the most out of your abilities. Tells you how to get the most out of your talents. Tells you how to get the most out of your gifts. Tells you how to get the most out of your blessings. Tells you how to get the most out of your life. Tells you how to get the most out of your death. Tells you how to get the most out of your eternity. Tells you how to get the most out of your God. Tells you how to get the most out of your Jesus. Tells you how to get the most out of your Holy Spirit. Tells you how to get the most out of your Trinity. Tells you how to get the most out of your Bible. Tells you how to get the most out of your Church. Tells you how to get the most out of your pastor. Tells you how to get the most out of your congregation. Tells you how to get the most out of your fellowship. Tells you how to get the most out of your worship. Tells you how to get the most out of your prayer. Tells you how to get the most out of your praise. Tells you how to get the most out of your thanksgiving. Tells you how to get the most out of your offering. Tells you how to get the most out of your tithe. Tells you how to get the most out of your stewardship. Tells you how to get the most out of your ministry. Tells you how to get the most out of your mission. Tells you how to get the most out of your evangelism. Tells you how to get the most out of your discipleship. Tells you how to get the most out of your fellowship. Tells you how to get the most out of your worship. Tells you how to get the most out of your prayer. Tells you how to get the most out of your praise. Tells you how to get the most out of your thanksgiving. Tells you how to get the most out of your offering. Tells you how to get the most out of your tithe. Tells you how to get the most out of your stewardship. Tells you how to get the most out of your ministry. Tells you how to get the most out of your mission. Tells you how to get the most out of your evangelism. Tells you how to get the most out of your discipleship.

ART SCHOOL *Self-Taught*

Learn to draw from photographs. Enjoy this easy, natural way of learning while you prepare yourself for a fascinating career in art. No previous art training necessary. Complete course includes lessons in composition, female figure, costumes, wood modeling, etc. Send for free booklet. Satisfaction or money back guaranteed. Complete course only $7.95.

How to Run a RESTAURANT...

Get into a Good MONEY MAKING BUSINESS of Your Own!

Virtually a new field of unlimited opportunity. Amazing new profit plans! Complete cafeteria plans for rooms, etc. Small facts about the all important facts about menu planning, equipment furnishings, decoration, kitchen arrangement, money saving tips, etc. How to market.

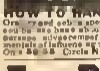
FULL PRICE, Only $8.65. Postpaid

This could be your big chance. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Do not delay. Send for free booklet.

PUBLIC SPEAKING FOR SUCCESS

HOW TO HANDLE PEOPLE

One good talk a year or an ordinary must be learned. Don't say you have to be born with it. Anyone can greatly increase his power of persuasion by a few simple techniques. Send for free booklet of information and how to make it work for you. Only $6.95. Circle No. 3 in coupon below. Satisfaction or refund.



PIANO TUNING

Learn at home in your spare time. Amazing new method makes it easy. Even if you have no musical ear or training you can learn to tune your piano or that of friends. Complete course only $4.95 complete price. This course includes instruction on piano regulating, repairing and other servicing operations every good piano tuner must know. Also covers electronic tuning devices. Complete course etc. Good piano. Helpful illustrations to help you step by step. Mail coupon for free booklet. Circle No. 6 in coupon below. Piano Tuning Only $4.95 Circle No. 7

BUSINESS LAW

SHOWS YOU HOW to avoid trouble and get ahead faster. Valuable new information for men who want to get on in business. It teaches MODERN law for practical use TODAY! In understandable language that is interesting to read. Covers principles and fundamentals of the law. Full price only $6.97. Circle No. 34 in coupon

How to Use BETTER ENGLISH

in Your Letters and Conversation

Do you have trouble putting your thoughts down on paper? Are you afraid to use the wrong word? Do you use "slang" when you should not? Do you use "slang" when you should not? Do you use "slang" when you should not

CRIMINOLOGY

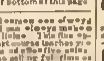
HOW TO DETECT MURDER

The second easy, exciting course in how to train to be a detective. Includes all subjects necessary. How to collect and preserve evidence. How criminals are caught. How they are sent to jail for life. Professional work in crime science. Also of enormous value to detectives and investigators, insurance and claim adjusters, police and credit men. This is a valuable UP TO DATE home course in criminology and the art of detection. Includes 1 complete mystery set. Complete, for only $9.95. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today by circle No. 219 in coupon below.

REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

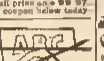
The greatest ten profitable games in this booming business. Successful ideas, opportunities, methods, secrets of operating a real estate agency, conducting the business and assisting buyers and sellers. Also information on building, financing, appraising, selling, exchanging, subdividing property. Complete. Strictly authentic. Formerly Price $12.95. Satisfaction or refund. Just circle No. 21 in coupon at bottom of this page.

MONEY-MAKING SALESMANSHIP



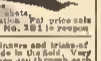
GOOD salesmen are always wanted and make money and good solid jobs. This fine course shows you how to be the successful salesman and enjoy success. Many have increased their earnings as much as 100% after studying it. Over 50 years of experience behind it. Many years' work by experts. Easy to understand. Many pictures and charts. Nothing else like it. Price only $9.95. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Circle No. 49 in coupon below today.

SIGN PAINTING



Teaches all commercial signs and designs by simple methods used in modern shops. TODAY the trade is short of competent men. A good practical course of self instruction shows short methods of brush painting on windows, doors, wood, letters, signs and also on enameled signs and lined signs. Complete, ready to start. Formerly $15.00. Special price only $9.95. Satisfaction guaranteed. Simply circle No. 301 in coupon.

SHOW CARD WRITING



Free cut trade or day beginners and trained men. Shows how to make a living at it. Tells how to get jobs. Gives simple rules you can follow. Shows how to make your own show cards. Shows how to rule pens and use show card brushes. Shows how to make and use different lettering guides. Shows how to make show cards without lettering guides. Shows how to make and use different kinds of layouts. Shows how to make and use different kinds of layouts. Shows how to make and use different kinds of layouts

STRAIGHT FROM THE ORIGINALS
THOSE SHOCKING THOSE INTIMATE

STAG STORIES

MANY WITH ARTIST ILLUSTRATIONS

A fantastic opportunity to obtain a daring, privately printed edition featuring those rare stag story favorites you used to pass along on typewritten pages. Some you'll remember, many you've never seen, all in their original form. Every detail intact, every description vivid. They'll leave you breathless!

FABULOUS PHOTOS YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!

THE MIDGET AND THE DUCHESS • THE YOUNG LADY AND HER DOG • I WAS CAPTIVE TO SIX WOMEN • DAY IN LIFE OF A TRAVELING SALESMAN • SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER, and many others, each more sensational than the next. Guaranteed!

ADULTS ONLY

SENSATIONAL PRICE LIMITED EDITION 1.98 ppd.

Sent in Plain Wrapper. Rush cash, check or money order; no COD's!

PRIVATE EDITIONS
Mailing Address
BOX 46856, DEPT. 1500
LOS ANGELES 46, CALIFORNIA

STAG PARTY CLASSICS

42 SETS OF 12 PHOTOS
BIG 504 TOTAL ALL FOR ONLY $1.00

Spicy photos for adults the kind that'll make an artist blush. Full blown beauties. Front, back, top, bottom . . . every position revealed in breathtaking detail. Why pay 500x more? Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rush $1 to:

Sensational Photo Offer
Box 46744 Hollywood 46, Calif. Dept Q-S

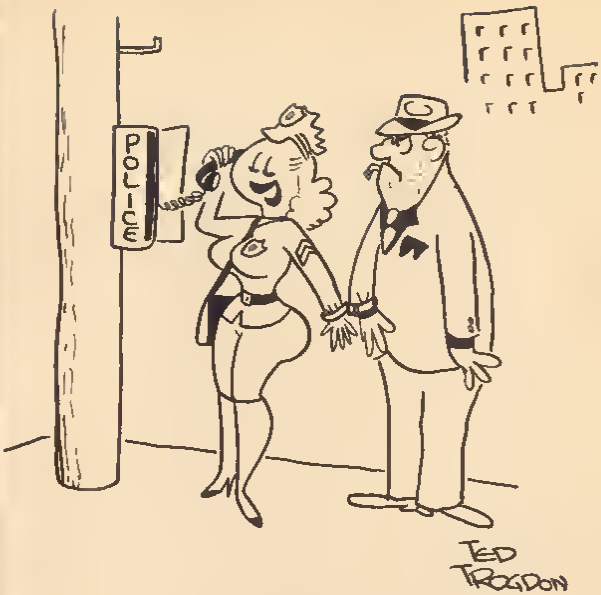
FIGURE MODEL PHOTOS

STAG PARTY ORIGINALS

Authentic, unretouched shots of well known gals before they reached the top. Rare thrillers all.

MOVIES, 8mm—50' . . . $3
MOVIES, 16mm—100' . . . $5
SLIDES, 5—2x2's . . . $2
PHOTOS, 8—4x5's . . . $2

BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD
Box 46977, Dept 2513 Los Angeles 46, Cal



" . . . and did you see that hot she wore to the Policeman's Ball the other night? . . ."

PLAYING THE SYMBOLS

(*Continued from page 16*)

for each year of her age and then a few extras for good luck, and so on. I suppose it used to be for kids but big girls have nicer rumps, so the custom lingers. The guy pats, the girl squeals like it hurts and she counts the strokes. It's crazy, but it's nice fun.

Pam complained a little as I pulled her over, just the same. I figured she knew it was inevitable from the way she shifted to make herself comfortable. It began like this. I patted once and she said, sort of bored, "One." That was all wrong. This was her birthday and she should have been having a lot of fun, not just acting like a wooden puppet. Not only that, she felt funny—not smooth like she usually is down there.

"Damn it, Pam," I muttered, "what's happening to us?"

Pam purred. It was her old sign that I had said the right thing. "Well, everything's all right as far as I know," she said doubtfully.

I took the hint that we had something to talk over, but I kept her across my lap. The funny way her seat felt when I patted her, bothered me. I wanted to investigate more closely when we were done with this conversation.

"Look," I said, "your friend Penny's been chewing your ear about what you haven't got in your marriage. She doesn't know what I'm doing wrong, but she butts in just the same. Can't you ignore what she says?"

"Well . . . it isn't easy. I've always discussed what I'm doing with her. It's a habit."

"Bunk." I didn't want to talk anymore, so I picked up the back of her skirt and her slip to see why she felt bumpy. I couldn't believe it when I saw the panties. They were made of net. Not lace, net—the stuff some shopping bags are made of. Now, Pam has closets full of panties. They're cotton, silk, nylon, rayon and tight, loose, full and skimpy and so on. But I knew for sure that this pair of net panties was unique in her collection. The net pants meant something. They were a Symbol

GAUGHO

DRUNK?

Doctor's Marvelous New Discovery
RELIEVES DRUNKENNESS IN 5 DAYS
"World Famous Since 1943"
THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN HELPED
TO BREAK THE DRINKING CYCLE
INEXPENSIVELY

Does drunkenness threaten your happiness or your loved ones? This remarkable new discovery quickly and easily helps bring RELIEF FROM ALL DESIRE OF LIQUOR. This is strictly a home method. Easy to take. Nothing like it before. Comes ready to use. GUARANTEED PURE. Not represented as a permanent cure but it IS a doctor's recognized method of withdrawl of alcohol. You can go to business and carry on your social life as usual, while using our method. May be used SECRETLY for whiskey, wine, beer, gin, etc. Improvement is noticed in a REMARKABLY SHORT TIME. The price is amazingly low. Only $10.00 for the entire method, formula and instructions. This is the only method that GUARANTEES SATISFACTION or your money refunded. YOU WILL BLESS THE DAY YOU SAW this ad as thousands have already done. Mail your $10.00 with order or pay postman when you receive package.

SORERIN AIDS CO.
P.O. Box 42, Rugby Station
Brooklyn 3, N. Y.
Dept. 12-A

Send No Money Unless You Wish To Save C.O.D. Fees and Postage

FOR MEN ONLY?
...THE GIRLS LOVE IT TOO

GALS GAGS PHOTOS CARTOONS
4 BOOKS
EACH DIFFERENT! MORE THAN 500 PAGES
ALL FOR ONLY 1 BUCK! MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
LARCH BOOK CO.
118 East 28 St. New York 16 Dept. 106-A

"With God
All Things Are Possible"

Are you facing problems? Poor Health? Money or Job Troubles? Unhappiness? Drink? Love or Family Troubles? Would you like more Happiness, Success and Good Fortune in Life? If you have any of these problems or others like them our friend can help as wonderful NEWS of a remarkable NEW WAY OF PRAYER that is helping thousands to get more happiness and joy out of life this message now and mail with your name address and 25c to cover postage and handling. We will rush this wonderful NEW MESSAGE OF PRAYER and Faith to you by Return Mail, absolutely FREE! We will also send you this FREE GOLDEN CROSS for you to keep and treasure!

FREE

GOLDEN CROSS

Life-Study Fellowship
Box 9256 NOROTON CONN.

PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS OR GET MONEY BACK

SEND NO MONEY

SURPRISE FRIENDS, RELATIVES HAVE POPULARITY AND FUN GALORE!

In this introductory offer you get TOP RADIO GUITARIST ED SALE'S famous 88 page secret system worth $3.00 which positively teaches you to play a beautiful song the first day and any song by ear or note in seven days! Contains 62 photos. 87 finger placing charts etc. Shows how to tune, keep time, build chords, learn runs, chords swing etc., plus 110 popular and western songs words and music = $1.98 Chord Finder of all the chords used in popular music = $3.00 Guitarist Book of Knowledge —TOTAL VALUE $7.00—ALL THREE for only $2.98. SEND NO MONEY! Just your name and address pay postman $2.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Or send $3.00 with order and I pay postage. Same Guarantee. Sorry no C.O.D. to APO, FPO or outside U.S.A. Canada and Foreign $3.00 with order.

ED SALE, Studio 106-A Bradley Beach, N. J.

Net, net, what the hell does net mean?

Pam shifted about restlessly and I figured she was still bored with the birthday ceremony and wanted me to finish up. She was licking her lips like she was getting ready to count, "Two, Three," and so on. I looked at her face again and it seemed to me that she had something bigger on her mind. It had to be something about the net pants. After all, it was her Symbol and the damn things had been on her since breakfast. Then, BOOM, it came to me. I held her down with one hand and reached over to the coffee table to pick up my present for her, the ping pong set. I couldn't think how the package got to the coffee table, I'd left it in the hall. Pam's doing, I guess. Anyway, I *Understood All* and broke through the string and paper and extracted one of the paddles.

"Pam," I said, "I love you."

"Mmmm."

"... and I'm fed up with you listening to what your friend says is wrong with our marriage."

"Mmmmm?"

"So ... this birthday spanking is going to be a little different, it's going to serve a noble purpose."

No purr. She drew in a deep breath and got ready to count. A quick look at the paddle told me it was too rough surfaced for what I had in mind. I put it aside in favor of the old hand method which I favor, on account of its being more personal.

Pams yelps made the numbers up to six hard to understand and then she just sort of howled each time until I finished. I gave her the ones for good luck and good measure just to make it official, and then we started to kiss and neck until we both wanted to leave the ping pong things and go up to our room to play our own game.

The next day, after the office and after dinner, Pam and I were on the sofa playing "unbutton, unzip, stroke, squeeze, tickle and pinch," another game popular in this part of the country, when I felt it was time to see if I had read the Symbols right.

"Am I right, Pam? The net pants mean the ping pong game, and the game meant the paddle, and the whole idea was that it was time for me to take over the reins from you and your friend."

Pam blushed and looked down, but she purred in her special way that meant, "absolutely."

"So! Penny's influence is finished ... cancelled!"

"Mmm," she swung her arms around behind my head and pulled me to her for a long kiss. This game we play has the participants facing each other square, with the girl on the guy's lap—so she was in a good position to do what she did. "Mmm," murmured Pam, "the evil influence is cancelled—*in red*."

You'd think that would have been the end of it, but you don't know my Pam. Just then the phone rang, and Doug Frost asked for her. He sounded real puzzled. I held the phone so she could speak and we could both hear.

"Hey, Pam," Doug blurted, "what do you make of this? I got a package with a card in it from Penny, and all the card says is 'Call Pam'."

"What's in the package?" my innocent-voiced spouse asked.

"That's the funny part. It's about a foot long and four inches wide and the bottom is narrow, like a handle. It's, well, it's a paddle."

"Aha," announced Pam, "easy as pie. It's a *symbol*."

"It is? You'd better explain it to me, Pam."

"Well, is it flesh colored?" she asked him.

"Well, yes. It's wood, plain wood. I guess it's flesh colored."

"Well," my little schemer went on, "what does something that color and shape make a good symbol for?"

"Ulp," ulped Doug. "You mean it means what your flesh-colored paper clips mean?" We stayed silent and Doug thought a while, then said, "She wants more, hey? Is that all? That's easy."

"Wait a minute, Doug," Pam put in quickly, "maybe there's more. Symbols can mean more than one thing."

"Like what?" Then he answered his own question. "Oh ho! Like what it looks like, huh? I guess she's ashamed about the henpecking. Well," Doug sounded real cheerful, "glad to oblige, we'll make it a game."

Pam was annoyed. "Now, Doug! Is it a big solid symbol?"

"Yep. It's businesslike, sure enough."

"Well, then. It symbolizes something ... a need for something real, solid and businesslike. Get it? No pats."

"Sure enough," agreed Doug, "and I'm just the guy to do it. You know, considering how much this'll hurt Penny—I think it's grand of her to ask for her medicine to fix up our marriage." And he hung up.

"Grand of Penny?" I said. "Funny, you wouldn't think she was bright enough."

Pam snuggled towards me and winked. "She isn't. I sent the note and the paddle to Doug. Penny doesn't know about it ... yet. She's been forgetting poor Doug while she got me all mixed up about you. That habit is going to be cancelled now—cancelled in red, *at both ends*."

###

LOCKSMITH
ALBÍSTUR

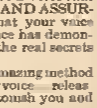
REMOVE that GAG from Your VOICE

Don t you often dream of being able to command immediate attention when you speak? Wouldn t it be wonderful to have a voice that RINGS WITH AUTHORITY AND ASSURANCE . . instead of feeling that your voice is bottled up inside you? Science has demonstrated that VOICE is one of the real secrets of PERSONALITY

Eugene Feuchtinger has the amazing method for removing that gag from your voice releasing powerful tones that will astonish you and everyone who hears you

A SCIENTIFIC PROGRAM

Now you can learn how your voice can be made excitingly forceful for both speaking and singing The success-winning tones you have admired can be yours! Why be handicapped in business and social life? Read Eugene Feuchtinger's new book "Voice Power and Personal Power" It may be the key to your future success Mail coupon below TODAY!



FREE BOOK ON VOICE DEVELOPMENT

PREFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio FN 78
210 S Clinton St., Chicago 6, Ill.
Please send me, absolutely free, Eugene Feuchtinger's new book VOICE POWER and PERSONAL POWER. I understand there is no centse obligation No salesman will call

Name.....
Address.....
City State Age

CONFIDENTIAL

If you can keep a secret nobody need know! Wear and enjoy one of the World's finest Imported Simulated Diamonds Brilliant blue white, very hard, true back resists heat and acid Will send you a One Carat stone ($5 Value) and Catalog of Ring and Setting Mountings for just $1, under Money Back Guarantee! Send NOW—you'll be amazed and delighted!

National Jewelry Co , Dept 9, Wheeling, W Va

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS

The kind YOU will enjoy Each one of these booklets is size 3 x 4¼ and is ILLUSTRATED with 8 page cartoon ILLUSTRATIONS of COMIC CHARACTERS and is full of fun and entertainment 20 of these booklets ALL DIFFERENT sent prepaid in plain envelope upon receipt of $1 00 No checks or C O D orders accepted

TREASURE NOVELTY CO., Dept. 23 A
182 Knickerbocker Station New York 2, N Y

YOU CAN BE A CARD WIZARD!

MAGIC DECK OF CARDS

Looks like ordinary deck of 52 cards. BUT—when you know the easy secret—every card can be read from the back! Instructions included for many TERRIFIC tricks! Each $2.00 for MAGIC DECK and we'll include free book "24 CARD TRICKS" and catalog of magic tricks for earlier response SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

J ROSBINE & CO., Inc Dept E 4
127 W 17th St. New York 11 N Y

Ugly Blockheads—Out in Seconds

Keep your complexion free of blackheads —look attractive instantly Scientifically designed vacuum pump gently lifts out ugly blackheads safely No pinching or squeezing Try 10 days—if not delighted return for refund Send $1 plus 10c postage and handling

BAILCO PRODUCTS CO., Dept 162
735 East State St., Westport, Conn.

MAN WHO BROKE THE CENSOR'S BACK

(Continued from page 26)

will more than off-set the loss in patronage That is, of course, if he can successfully fight the ban in enough locations"

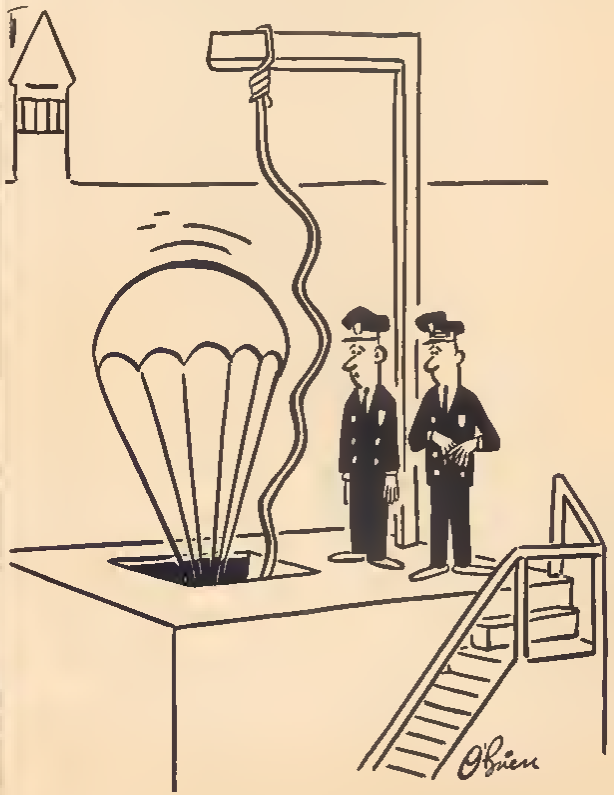
In 1951, Preminger left the major studios for good in order to form his own independent producing company Two years later, he released the controversial, *"Moon is Blue"*

The basic plot of *"The Moon is Blue"* is innocuous enough Like many a Hollywood picture before it, it is the story of a bright young girl who could have gotten herself into trouble, but didn't The only difference was that in *"Moon"* the conversation was a good deal more frank than Hollywood had yet attempted Words like "seduction" and phrases like "professional virgin" were tossed about happily

Officials of movieland's Code Administration looked at the film and decided that there would have to be a lot of changes made Apparently, they did not know Preminger very well Enraged by the Code Administration's stand, he decided to release the movie without a seal of approval

At the time, this was an almost unheard of step The Production Code was first written back in 1929 by Martin Quigley, an industry trade journal publisher, and the Reverend Daniel A Lord. It was adopted by the Producers Association in the following year and had been rigorously adhered to ever since

By the late 40s and the first part of the 50s, many film executives and critics felt that the special situation which had led to the framing of the Code no longer existed. "Times had



changed," a Hollywood worker states "But the Code did not change along with them At a period when people were turning away from movies, we were stuck with an obsolete book of rules

"The problem was that the major studios were all too frightened to do anything about it It remained for an independent to issue the first challenge"

When Preminger flung down his gauntlet, the fur really began to fly Two states, Maryland and Kansas, banned the movie entirely But the ex-Viennese law student did not let the matter rest quietly He took it to the courts In 1955, the U S Supreme Court ruled against the censors The first challenge to the mighty Code had been successful

That same year, Preminger came out with a film that, if anything, was even more controversial than *"Moon"* This was *"The Man With the Golden Arm,"* which delt with drug addictioo—a subject absolutely forbidden by the Code There was no question of changes, here The very topic of the movie made it impossible for it to receive a seal Preminger knew it, and the Code officials knew he knew it

If the Code officials were unhappy about the narcotics picture, so, reportedly, were federal narcotic authorities Their main complaint was that Frank Sinatra as the dope addict was *only* cured with the help of a sympathetic and extra-marital girl friend, played by Kim Novak

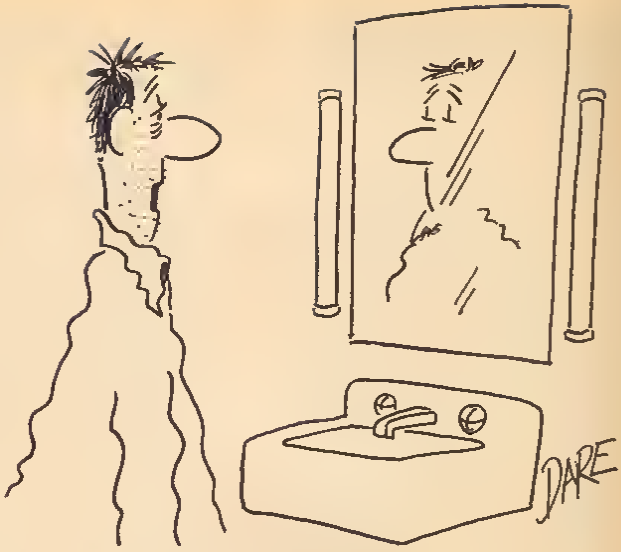
But neither the Code nor the narcotics agents could deter Preminger from releasing the picture "My film shows the horrors of dope," the producer stated "It does not glorify it I will not withhold the picture"

Preminger was as good as his word The picture was released and want on to general critical acclaim

The success of this movie plus the triumph of *"The Moon is Blue"* had a great deal to do with the revision of the Code along more liberal lines in 1956 In their battle with the censors, Preminger and the anti-censorship forces in general had won a vital victory One of the most important weapons in the arsenal of the Hollywood bluenoses had been blunted

With the 1959 release of *"Anatomy of a Murder,"* Preminger's on-screen frankness reached new levels The subject of rape was described in practically all its clinical details A torn pair of panties was waved in front of the cameras And there was even a discussioo of the male sexual climax!

Once again, the censors clamped down, Preminger fought them in the courts and in the newspaper columns, and once again the producer won



"Mirror, mirror on tha wall—Who's the hungoverast of them all?"

In January 1960, Preminger—apparently not satisfied with taking on the moral censors—decided to go after the political ones He did this by openly hiring Dalton Trumbo to script his film epic of the founding of Israel, *"Exodus"*

Trumbo was one of the Hollywood writers who were convicted of contempt of Congress in 1947 for refusing to testify before a Congressional committee investigating Red infiltration in the film industry Since then, though no one will admit it for the record, Trumbo has been placed on a black-list. It is impossible for him to sell a script—that is, it is impossible if he uses his own name and demands screen credit He has sold scripts under assumed names Under the pen name of Robert Rich, in fact, Trumbo managed to win an Academy Award in 1956.

If Preminger agreed to hire Trumbo under a false name, the transaction would probably not even have been noticed But he was determined in his decision not to do this. "I think that if someone is employed and the fact is hidden it constitutes cheating the public," he said "The only honest thing to do is to be direct and explicit about it"

In spite of the outcry from the American Legion and other patriotic groups, Preminger stuck stubbornly to his guns Then, the honeymoon ended On May 13th, from Israel, the producer announced that he had fired the writer

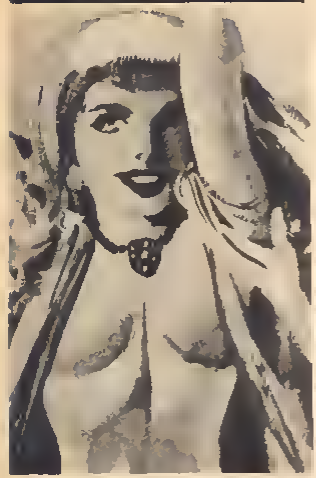
Not everyone is an admirer of Preminger Some feel that he has caused positive harm and a lowering of the moral standards of the entertainment industry Others feel that he is not completely sincere in his battles with the censor

"Basically," a rival producer declares, "Otto's censorship battles are publicity gimmicks to help sell his pictures Take *"The Moon is Blue,"* for example Far from having a shocking or new theme, all that movies does is glorify the all-American tease—which is something that industry comedies have been doing for years If he hadn't dropped in a few risque words and gotten into a hassel about them, the film would have been thought dull and probably have dropped with a thud."

Most of those who know him well, however, feel that this view is too cynical "Otto is a natural showman, of course," one friend points out "But when he talks about insisting on making pictures to suit his own standards of taste and not those of some censorship board, I feel he is being completely sincere"

As a man, Preminger is as controversial a subject as he is as a public figure Most everyone who has come into contact with him, from producer Sam Goldwyn to studio technicians, has a strong opinion either pro or con Some say that he

LOVE FEVER



Of all the ills that flesh is heir to none is more devastating than LOVE FEVER See this most revealing *Anatomy of Love* for the instruction of susceptible men and women Learn from the experts *all you would be Casanovas all you Lorelees* the strange and unusual complications Learn how to control or prolong the delirium how to shake it off Rally to these true words and likely fables *spoken out of bed* also full page pictures *in the nude* Guaranteed to raise your temperature and keep it up!

FEATURES

- In Search of a Mistress
- The Willing Young Man and the Capricious Lady
- The ABC of Love
- The Don Juan Manner
- Lessons in Allurement
- Love Can Raise the Dead
- Kissing
- The Play Rough Technique
- The Love Thief
- How To Make Her Say 'Yes'
- The Secret Language of Love
- Despair In Love
- How To Get Over an Affair
- Among the Free Lovers
- Invitation to a Lady's Rooms
- The Genius of Love
- The Time I've Lost in Wooing

And many more provoking topics

ORDER ON APPROVAL

Order LOVE FEVER in plain wrapper for 10 days' FREE examination If not thoroughly satisfied, return for immediate refund of complete purchase price

$1 only

MAIL COUPON TODAY

PLAZA BOOK CO., DEPT G 266
109 Grand St., New York 4, N. Y.

Send LOVE FEVER in plain wrapper If not satisfied, I may return it in 10 days for refund

☐ I enclose $1 00—send postpaid

☐ Send C O D I'll pay postman $1 00 plus postage

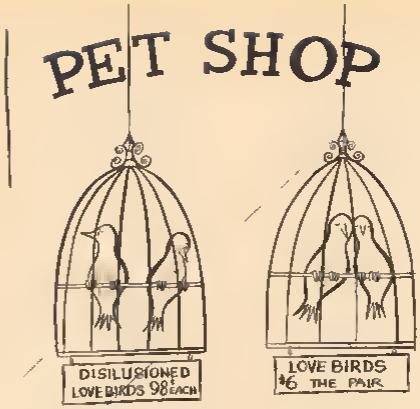
Name

Address

City Zone State

Canada and Foreign—$1 25 with order

PET SHOP



is charming, witty and continental Others, that he is teutonic and terrible-tempered According to his second wife, Mary Gardner, his temper was so bad that on occasion he would fling himself around the room and beat his head on the floor

One thing that both friends and enemies will agree on is Preminger's strong stubborn streak Once he has made up his mind on something he will stick to it—especially if it has to do with his making a movie the way *he* wants to make it One person who found this out the hard way was actress Lana Turner who found herself unceremoniously bounced from "*Anatomy of a Murder*" when she objected strenuously about the costumes Preminger had selected for her to wear

But perhaps the most celebrated example of Preminger's stubbornness was the case of Jean Seberg, the young unknown he selected to play the lead in his production of "*Saint Joan*" Unfortunately, both the picture and Miss Seberg, herself, were heartily panned by the critics Instead of giving up on the young Iowa girl, the producer promptly gave her a second acting assignment in "*Bonjour Tristesse*" Once again she had the starring role and once again she was roasted Only then did Preminger concede that he might have been wrong about the teenager in the first place

While many critics claim that Preminger never made a really great movie, all concede that at his best he turns out a product that is worth watching A case in point is the recent "*Exodus*" Several critics seemed completely baffled at the fact that they were excited and caught up by a film that they could not truly approve of

Whether Preminger will reopen his war on the censors is a matter of conjecture But most of those who have watched his career expect that he will Though settled down happily in this third marriage and at age 54 the father of twins ("a typical Preminger production," an intimate remarked) nobody expects him to stay out of controversy for long

Preminger, himself, rejects the idea that he is for an anything-goes situation on the screen "I am for classification," he states, plugging the system which would exclude unaccompanied children from "adult" pictures

But whether such a system ever comes into being in this country or not, it is a safe bet that Preminger will go on making the adult pictures he feels should be seen And if he does, it's an equally safe bet that the censors will try to ban them

And if those two propositions come to pass, the war that started with "*Forever Amber*" and "*The Moon is Blue*" will be on once more

###

THE NAKED TRUTH

(Continued from page 41)

whatever they were called Miss Jones had seen things, too. The glasses He'd found them on his way to work Strangely shaped and colored, and when he'd looked through them—

Miss Jones was staring at him with a speculative light in her violet eyes "You know there's a lot more to you than meets the eye Only that's not quite right I mean when you do meet the eye there's a lot more to you I mean—"

"I see what you mean," Mark said hastily

"You do? You did? Uh-huh, you *were* peeping at me, weren't you? And you've always been so shy"

A frosted door behind them shook as the head of Kelso, Inc roared for Mark Mark jumped

"Oh, pooh," Miss Jones said "I'll see you later."

Scrabbling for a sheaf of reports, pencils, charts, Mark got tangled with the glasses again He coughed at Mr Kelso's door

"Stop that damned hacking and come in!"

Mr Kelso was a bull in an impeccably tailored suit He glittered in tailoring Mark adjusted the glasses Mr Kelso also wore a girdle

"You wear a girdle," he said

Mr Kelso's jowls paled "How—how did you know?"

Mark felt an exhilarating sense of power The muscled, fearsome Kelso of Kelso, Inc wasn't so damned muscled at that, and a long way from being fearsome, seen through the glasses Few men are, with their clothes off

He stared coldly at his boss "What's the difference? I know"

"Ha-ha, Mark, no need to uh—mention it again, eh? Well, now Edie's been telling me I work you too hard Suppose you just take the day off"

Her name whipped Mark back out of the door The boss's daughter, an icy goddess Edie Kelso—a name as magic as the glasses he wore Such lovely glasses, he thought They stripped—and that was the word — stripped everybody of all ornately false fronts, showed them exactly as they were, without padding and badges To paraphrase Miss Jones Hoohoy!

He leered it into her perfumed ear She jumped, but not away from him She felt pleasantly seductive and more than a little wiggly Swept away in new-found power, Mark whispered something else

She batted thick lashes "You mean—now?"

He plunged on "In the office penthouse."

"But—but old H J—I mean, Mr Kelso—"

"He's afraid to come out of his office"

Stunned pliant, Miss Jones rippled along beside him If she hadn't been holding to his arm, Mark would have bounced off the hall ceiling The glasses showed him passing typists and secretaries—so much at once, jiggling and trembling and bobbing, gold and white and powdered, hilled and valleyed, highlighted and shadowed

"Hooboy," he muttered

"You're in a rut," Miss Jones said

But such a rut That nude brunette, the naked blonde, the redhead who certainly was Torsos all swaying and tippytoeing and bumping so near

Miss Jones hauled him rubber-kneed into the elevator When the petite operator moved her machine up, part of her went down in an interesting swoop Miss Jones hauled him out and into the penthouse Kelso, Inc., reserved for Very Important Clients—and Miss Jones

Just inside the threshold, she kissed him Steam streaked the glasses as she lifted them away "You won't need these"

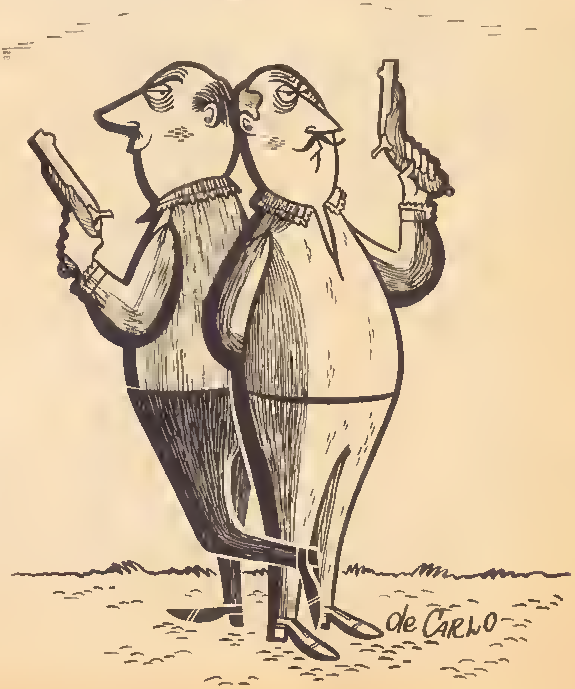
He didn't It was much nicer watching her clothing come off bit by bit, instead of dissolving all at once The difference was in the way she snake-hipped out of things Silken-textured, she moved to him A mighty surge tangled him in rhythmic embrace, plunged him into a sweetwarm cauldron of caressing bubbles The bubbles exploded in a geyserng of madsilver foam and left him lax and weary on a pale-moon beach

Miss Jones helped him celebrate with a drink, with two drinks Kelso, Inc kept a well-stocked bar to go with its well-stacked—Mark shook his head He wasn't used to liquor, but then, he wasn't used to scenes like the recent one with Miss Jones He'd like to be

One more drink pushed him back into his clothes and out of the penthouse, because his number brain reminded him that this was Tuesday Tuesdays were special, because then Edie Kelso made her visit to Kelso, Inc Mark had never missed seeing her, even if it meant skipping lunch

Miss Jones was too busy liberating the rest of the liquor to notice he was gone

But she was a milepost, a marker



Handwriting DOES NOT LIE...

ANALYZE HANDWRITING

For MORE INCOME... MORE PRESTIGE and MORE SUCCESS!

NOW at home in your spare time you can train to be a professional graphanalyst. There is a big and growing demand for experts in this fascinating science of reading character and personality traits from ordinary handwriting.

Profitable, Dignified PROFESSION

Many of our members earn as much as $50 in an hour from consulting, lecturing, teaching, counseling and document work, etc. Graphanalysis teaches you how to easily understand people—including yourself. It is an exciting new field open to both men and women.

Send for FREE Sample Lesson

Let us tell you about the amazing opportunities open to you in handwriting analysis. No obligation. Write today for our 48 page booklet and sample lesson. Both will be rushed to you by mail in a sealed envelope, without charge. (Be sure to state your age.)

Free! GRAPHO ANALYSIS LESSON!

INTERNATIONAL GRAPHO ANALYSIS SOCIETY
Dept. FN 78 · Springfield 4, Missouri

Handwriting TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH...

...Handwriting DOES NOT LIE

Sparkling 8x10 Enlargement

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

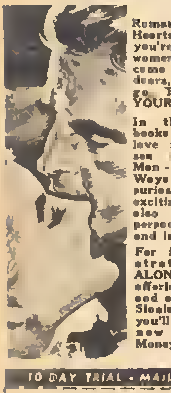
FREE

only 49¢

Send us as many photos or snapshots as you like. Any size. Ten for only 49¢. Nothing else to pay! Original returned unharmed. Print clear, with eyes and clothing. Satisfaction guaranteed or your $1 back.

QUALITY VALUES, Studio 412-A
2 EAST AVENUE LARCHMONT N Y

GIRLS WILL BE NICE TO YOU!



Romantic Lover, Jack of Hearts, Masterful Male — you're all things to all women. "Smitten," they come tearing down your doors, they won't let you go. They are yours, YOURS ALONE!

In these confidential books you'll find ancient love magic and modern sex. Don Juan and the Man-about-Town. Ways to pique women carnally, win lovers, make exciting love. Ways also to make the male personality more potent and irresistible!

For intimate and social strategy, get YOURS ALONE, complete books offering an Art of Love and a Way of the World. Single, engaged or married, you'll be thrilled with your new power! Only $2. Money-back guarantee.

10 DAY TRIAL • MAIL COUPON NOW

PLAZA BOOK CO., Dept. DT 726
109 Grand St., New York 4, N Y

Send YOURS ALONE in plain wrapper. If not delighted, I may return it in 10 days for refund.

☐ I enclose $2. You pay all postage.
☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman $2 plus postal charges.

Name
Address
City — Zone — State —
Canada & Foreign—$2.50 with order

"—All except you, Miss. You face the back of the car!"

on the road to freedom from a nagging sense of inferiority. Mark touched the magic glasses. He'd always been awed by the trappings of wealth and power, by Brooks Brothers badges of rank. Down to the buff, all men were alike. Even on Tuesdays.

Mark resisted a temptation to pat the unhampered hillocks of the elevator girl, and floated into the office. His grand entrance was spoiled by a chest-on collision with a petite creature who was using bumpers.

He grabbed desperately for his glasses and got them straight.

"Well," said the tiny creature with blueblack hair and blackwarm eyes. "Using Dad's girdle to threaten him, smelling like rich Kentucky, and now grabbing girls. What happened to the silent statue at desk three?"

Mark focused through the glasses. Edie Kelso was petite all over, but not deficient. Where other women were full, Edie was trim and dainty. Where other women were curved, Edie was sleekly rounded. And just as regal without her furs—a proud flaring of miniature hips, a slimmed, delicate precision of flesh. A goddess.

"Uh-uh-uh," Mark said brightly.

Her face was piquant, uptilted to him. "Those ridiculous glasses don't do anything for you, but something has. And it's about time."

Edie's voice was the murmur of silver bells in a pagan temple. She stamped a small foot. Mark glanced down in instinctive reflex. From the dusky ivory of her tapered thigh to the polished knee, down along the modelled swell of her calf, the leg was a masterpiece.

"Are you going to—to *revert*?" Edie asked. "Don't you dare. I've waited too damn long already."

"W-w-waited? I never dreamed—"

When she lifted a butterfly hand to remove his glasses, Edie undid him completely. She wasn't a shining nude any more. She was mink and diamonds and the boss's daughter.

Shriveled, Mark backed away. Edie frowned, then flung herself at him. When he recovered his balance, she was propelling him outside and into a taxi.

He squinched away from her. "Miss Kelso—"

"Edie, dammit. Dad always said you were a—a pipsqueak. I said you were just shy. Now you're going to act like a grown man or—or—"

She didn't finish her threat because the cab stopped. With a grip on Mark's necktie, Edie hauled him into the house. And into a bedroom that smelled of sandalwood and spices.

"Now," she said.

Mark rubbed his throat. The enchanted glasses, if only she'd let him keep them on. With them, he had a knowing power, without them, he was just a—a pipsqueak.

She was in his arms, her small, delightful mouth searching over his, her little girl body off the floor and thrust to him. She tasted of rainbows and sunlight dancing on magic mountains. Something ripped and came away in his hands.

"That's more like it," Edie murmured, and helped by shucking deftly out of sheer, clinging things. She looked better without them. She looked wonderful.

They were together in magnificent hunger, in a raging need that shook the world around them, her body seemed all desires and all accomplishments.

When the trumpeting, cymballed crescendo burst around and through them, Mark and Edie drifted in blended warmth, spiralling gently back to near-reality But the glow remained. It always would

As women will, she spoke suddenly from the protective instinct of females "Mark—darling, I'm sorry I left your funny glasses in the cab"

He didn't need glasses He could see her perfectly well, and he loved what he saw

"Shall I call the cab company?" Edie asked

He didn't need glasses, magic ones that stripped away falseness and sham, or the regular kind Maybe someone else would find them—someone who needed them as he had, at first

Mark reached for her again "Finders keepers," he said

It wasn't a damned bit original, but she understood what he meant

###

GRANDMA WAS A PATSY

(Continued from page 63)

plained "He got it from his father, who was the descendant of a prominent Spanish family owning vast estates in Texas when all the territory north of the Rio Grande belonged to Mexico When the *gringos* rose in rebellion, my grandfather's family joined other loyal settlers in fleeing to Mexico Before leaving, they converted all their wealth into bars of pure gold and silver so it could be easily transported on burros

"While still a long way from the Rio Grande they ran into a war party of fierce Apache Indians and were forced to take refuge on a hill For two days they fought off repeated attacks Their ammunition running low, the men worked all night burying their treasure in various places on the hill Alas, before dawn next morning the defenses were overrun by the savages and the entire party of Mexicans massacred

"All but two teenage boys who hid in the bushes, and thus survived One of them was my grandfather When the Indians departed, the two boys stole back to the scene of carnage and stripped the bodies of the maps showing the location of the buried treasure After much hardship the two young survivors reached Mexico, searched out the heirs of the slaughtered settlers and divided the maps among them

"My grandfather and my father after him always intended to return and reclaim the family fortune," the old man concluded "But they were poor, they were afraid of hostile Indians and Texans Now I am too old to undertake the journey, all my children are dead Here, as a token of my gratitude, is my map *Vaya con Dios*—go with God!"

Much moved by this fanciful tale, the phony reverend wiped a tear from his eye and laid the tattered old map on the table

"Since returning to Texas," he declared, "I have searched all through the State seeking the location of the massacre The only place that corresponds to the description is the hill on your property I am convinced that the treasure is buried there. I have heard that you are a devout and charitable woman, and I know you will devote whatever wealth you find there to the benefit of mankind"

Grandma was all atwitter Buried treasure in her own back yard? She suggested that they proceed immediately to Signal Hill and start digging it up Which they did

Uncle George, a consummate actor, gave a splendid performance Consulting the map, he led them to a gnarled old oak at the top of the hill He squinted through a fork in the tree until he sighted a curious rock formation Taking a bearing on a pocket compass he paced off 15 feet "Dig here," he said dramatically

Sure enough when Tinker had dug a hole six feet deep, his spade turned up four roughly-cast metal bars about the size of building bricks As the dirt was scraped off they glittered brightly in the sun just like genuine 24-carat gold, a century old

At the preacher's suggestion, they kneeled in prayer and thanked the Almighty for his bounty Grandma wanted to ride straightaway into town and have the gold assayed

But the Rev Bryant talked her out of it

'As soon as the news leaks out there will be a mad rush out here to hunt for more treasure," he warned "Don't forget, there's lots more where this was found And greedy men will stop at nothing to get it" Then, dangling the baited hook under her nose, he added

"I have located another map in Mexico City The heirs are willing to sell it for $5,000, a small fraction of the value of the treasure"

Grandma Roberts snapped it up, hook, line and sinker The next day they drove to Big Spring, she withdrew $5 000 from the bank and turned it over to the Rev Bryant Before leaving for Mexico, the two scoundrels made her promise not to reveal the story to a living soul

They actually got as far as the Acme Brass Foundry Co in San Antonio There Tinker ordered six more brass bricks identical with the four he had previously purchased there and planted on Grandma's ranch To make the bricks look authentic, he chemically aged them Meanwhile Uncle George went out and bought two bars of pure silver

'Cast your silver on the waters and it will return many-fold," he remarked sententiously A few days later he crossed the border at Laredo and put through a telephone call to the ranch He had procured the map, he said, and was on his way back with it

The evening before they were due to arrive, the two swindlers secretly made their way to Signal Hill They dug a tunnel in the side of the hill, deposited the six brass bricks and the two silver ones tenderly in it Then they replaced the dirt and sealed the entrance It was an artistic job of deception Anyone examining the ground *above* the cache would find no evidence that it had been disturbed for lo these many years

As it turned out, these painstaking precautions were vital to the success of their scheme For on reaching the ranch the following day, the two travelers found a stranger awaiting them Grandma introduced him as her son-in-law, W J Garrett "I just had to tell someone the thrilling news," she fluttered "I knew you wouldn't mind, as long as I kept it in the family!"

The Reverend Doctor rose gallantly to the occasion "Glad to have your help, my son," he said unctuously With a flourish he produced the map he had drawn the previous evening, and properly aged in coffee grounds Garrett, a suspicious soul, examined it carefully He found no indication that it was not what it purported to be, nearly 100 years old.

After a solemn prayer by the good Reverend, asking the blessings of God on their enterprise, they set out for Signal Hill As before, Uncle George put on an impressive act before finally locating the spot mark X on the map He smiled benignly as Garrett examined the ground closely and stomped on it, to make sure it was good and solid

The two younger men took turns on the shovel They excavated a hole ten feet deep before they struck gold—or the artfully contrived facsimile thereof—and silver "Hallelujah!" shouted the Rev Bryant in his best revival manner Piously bowing his head, he recited a brief prayer of thanksgiving

They loaded the eight new bricks into the car and returned to the house As the loot was being stowed away under lock and key in the cellar, the Reverend announced that he had been able to locate still another family holding a map to the treasure on Signal Hill This time the price was slightly higher—$7,500 When Grandma hesitated, the fake clergyman handed her son-in-law the two bars of silver

"Take them to El Paso and have them analyzed,' he suggested "The silver won't attract as much attention as the gold" That was for sure!

Garrett did exactly that He came back with an official report certifying that the bars were 99 99 percent pure silver Thus convinced, Grandma no longer hesitated about putting up $7,500 for another map

The treasure hunt on Grandma's ranch went on for three years The Rev Bryant seemed to have an unfailing instinct for turning up Mexicans whose forebears had stashed away treasure on Signal Hill, and were willing to sell the map for a modest amount in good American dollars To be sure the cost of the maps went up each time, until they were selling for $15,000 each But the amount of treasure increased proportionately

By the middle of 1935 Grandma was out close to $250,000 In exchange she had nearly four tons of fake gold bricks, and a few genuine silver ones, stacked in her cellar Her son-in-law estimated that they were worth in the neighborhood of $3 million Actually, the two swindlers had paid less than $5,000 for the lot

However the old lady was getting nervous, sitting on top of all that gold Repeatedly over the years she suggested that they cash it in but each time the Rev Bryant managed to put her off Finally came the day when she made up her mind to unload, and nobody could soft-talk her out of it She bought a big canvas-covered truck to transport the treasure to the nearest U S Mint, at

"On second thought, Martha, why don't I slice the sausage?"

New Orleans She was determined

At this point the script called for the two con-men to take a powder In fact Tinkar had his bags packed, all set for the disappearing act But Uncle George persuaded him to hang on a while He had a plan

They loaded the truck with the four tons of alleged gold bricks The Rev Bryant volunteered to drive the valuable cargo to New Orleans Tinker and Garrett could follow him in anothar car "It's much safer that way," he explained "Nobody would think of holding up a minister" In the event they were separated, they would rendezvous that night at the Rice Hotel in Houston, nearly 500 miles away

So they set off, tbe two men in Tinker's limousine convoying the preacher in the big truck Shortly after dark, about 50 miles outside Houston, the limousine sputtered and stalled Tinker fiddled around under the hood By the time he got the car started again, the truck had vanished They drove to tbe Rice Hotel, and learned that the Reverend had not yet put in an appearance They waited a while for him, then went to bed

He wasn't at the hotel the next morning While at breakfast, Tinker and Garrett received a phone call from a tourist camp at Richmond, a small town some 30 miles away The Rev Bryant was there, badly hurt According to his story, two men in a big black car had forced him off the road, beaten him unconscious, hijacked the truck and its cargo. Police later found tbe vehicle abandoned by the side of the road It was empty

Any suspicions Garrett may have entertained vanished when they reached the tourist camp and saw the Reverend Both eyes were swollen shut, his scalp was badly lacerated, doctors feared that his skull was fractured. Obviously he'd been beaten to a pulp It took the poor preacher several weeks in a Houston hospital to recover from his injuries

(Later, when the truth came out, it developed that Uncle George had instructed the two men he hired to hijack the truck to "make it look good." And they enthusiastically followed orders)

Only a few months later the two swindlers were back to Big Spring, working on Mrs Roberts again. The Rev Bryant declared that he'd been unable to sleep nights because he was so mortified by the loss of all that money So he had gone off to Mexico, determined to help Grandma recoup her losses After intensive investigation, he finally had located the most valuable map of all They could have it for $50,000 in U S currency It marked the location of at least a million dollars worth of gold and silver

Grandma hesitated That seemed like an awful lot of money for just one little old measly map The good Reverend went back to Mexico to dicker with the heirs He finally got them to scale down their demands to $35,000, and Grandma shelled out tbe cash

As a result, her cellar once again overflowed with gold bricks Of course she didn't know that they were the same old fake bricks as before, part of the cargo allegedly hijacked en route to tbe mint at New Orleans

Given Grandma's incredible credulity and Uncle George's artistic inventiveness, the game might have gone on indefinitely Or at least as long as the old lady's money held out It was Tinker who kicked over the apple cart While stinking drunk in a San Antonio saloon one night he bragged loudly about cleaning up a fortune by means of the old gold-brick swindle

An informer tipped off local T-men, and they passed the word on to Washington Early in 1936 James R Adams, a special agent for the Intelligence Unit of the U S Treasury, was assigned to Texas to investigate

Adams soon established that Tinker, with no visible means of support, suddenly had become quite affluent during the previous three years He had built himself a magnificent new home in a fashionable suburb, bought no fewer than ten expensive automobiles Apparently he traded them in as fast as they got dirty Adams also learned that Tinker commuted back and forth to Big Spring And that led the agent to Grandma's ranch

Mrs Roberts was reluctant to talk But Adams finally wormed out of her the fantastic tale of the buried treasure on Signal Hill She showed him her horde of "gold" bricks Adams had one of the bricks analyzed, and it turned out to be pure brass

Tinkar was nabbed, but he refused to talk or name his confederate However the Feds soon learned that he was closely associated with an uncle whose description tallied with that of the mysterious Rev Dr Bryant, erstwhile missionary to Mexico So eventually Uncle George joined his nephew in the hoosegow

The Government couldn't prosecute for swindle, since it was unable to prove that the two swindlers had crossed State lines or used the mails to defraud. However they had neglected to pay taxes on their ill-gotten gains Convicted of criminal income-tax evasion, they served a long stretch in a Federal pen

Altogether it cost Grandma almost $300,000 to learn that all is not gold that glitters And 300 grand ain't hay, even in Texas! ###

"—under 'Good Will'—this item of $273 to C Dennis, Obstetrics!"

THE SHAVING GRACE

(Continued from page 69)

According to the Roman writer, the first Roman to shave seven days a week was a man named Scipio who lived about 150 B C But long before that shaving was popular in that city The first barbershops, there, were established at approximately the same time that the legions began to shave themselves

But barbershops, actually, came in to being in Greece long before shaving became popular there Barbers gave haircuts and shampoos, and the shops served as places where one could pick up local news and gossip

Like so many other things, the talkative barber was a Greek invention, and one that has never died out from that time until the present day In 1597, Gabriel Harvey termed the barber's chair, "the very Royal Exchange of news" And a shop of that day had a sign which threatened a fine of one pint of ale to any customer who "interrupted the barber's discourse"

Despite the fact that they were well used by the citizenry, barbers were not highly thought of in Rome during the days of the Empire This fact becomes understandable when you consider that when a Roman barber shaved you he would take off more face than beard A man who went to the barbershop in those days literally took his life in his hands The wonder is that they allowed the shops to remain open at all — but then, the Romans were noble and brave folk.

The big reason for all this danger was that the Romans' vaunted power of invention failed them when it came to shaving The Egyptians, after the early periods of stone, bronze and iron shaving tools, developed a nifty little copper razor that was hardened by a special process By the time of Greece and Rome, though, the secret of making them had been lost—we have no idea how they did it either—leaving the Romans to suffer with crude implements of old-fashioned bronze and iron

"Why, Agnes MacIntosh! Did your luck run out?"

Really sharp razors weren't manufactured again until the early middle ages when the Greeks discovered the secret of making Damascus steel This metal, used for making the finest swords, held an edge so well that they started making razors from it also

The Damascus process has also been lost. But strong carbon steel was first made in the 18th century and with our modern improvements we don't have to worry about getting a sharp blade today, at least

During the first part of the middle ages, beards came into fashion again, at least in Europe Unlike Caesar and Alexander, Charlemagne did not want his men to shave In fact, the emperor ordered his soldiers to wear their beards outside their armor so that friends could be recognized from foes Just how they protected themselves from being bearded, I don't know Perhaps they didn't fight as dirty in those days

As time went on, shaving came into style again It always seems to be either going into or out of style —sort of like plunging necklines on women's dresses Edward IV of England, who lived in the 15th century, used to have a barber shave him every Saturday night. He also bathed every Saturday night—that is, if he was in the mood.

During this period and before, the public "stews" of England were equipped with barbers These were congenial gathering places whose main feature was a tub bath Men and women bathed, ate, drank and brawled in the same clubby room There, the men could get a shave and a haircut while the women were appropriately coiffured

Though shaving became popular, fancy beards became even more so, especially amongst the nobility Beards were so stylish, in fact, that when Edward VI ascended the throne either he or his advisors figured to pick up a few extra bucks by taxing them

It didn't work Every full-blooded Englishman stood firmly defiant in defense of his right to wear an untaxed beard And when the boy monarch passed on just four years after proposing the tax, British manhood breathed more easily

The idea of a beard tax, however, is a seductive one Many an otherwise well-beloved monarch has imposed one over the outraged protests of his masculine subjects

One such ruler was Queen Elizabeth who decided to help fill the royal exchequer by taxing all growths that were more than 14 days old. But this tax suffered the same fate of unenforcability as the earlier one that Edward tried to impose Englishmen who would gladly

face the Armada for the queen refused to be de-bearded by her

One beard tax which did work was imposed by Peter the Great of Russia It took a while, but after 17 years every beard in Russia was either shaved off or ransomed for 50 roubles

In this case, it took a woman to finally salve the egos of suffering Russian manhood. In 1762, Catherine the Great, who had married Peter's grandson only to depose him and take over the throne herself, consented to lift the tax Bells peeled in gratitude and Catherine had assured herself of the undying loyalty of every male in the land

What neither Edward nor Elizabeth could accomplish in England, changing fashions could During the slick and sophisticated 18th century, it was hard to find a stylish man who was not clean shaven The top society boys of the day went to fantastic lengths to keep their faces smooth

When Casanova came to London in 1765 he was amazed to learn than one of his friends shaved three times a day

"Why do you do that?" the famous lover asked.

"When I change my shirt I wash my hands, when I wash my hands I have to wash my face, and the proper way to wash a man's face is with a razor."

The kind of razor used in those days was known as the "cut-throat," possibly because one swipe in the hands of a cut-throat type person would neatly slice that part of the anatomy from ear to ear Cut-throat razors are used by barbers, today, and until the popularity of the safety razor displaced them they were the most used style in the Western world

There is still controversy as to who invented the safety razor But the first ones were probably made in the 1820s and known as wafer-blade razors They were made with a thin blade that fitted into a frame and had a guard on at least one edge

In 1895, the American, King C Gillette invented the modern safety razor with disposable blades According to the stories, his reason for tackling the shaving problem was intelligent if not especially benevolent. He wanted to manufacture something that would be used by thousands of people, have to be thrown away and replaced often, but would be cheap enough so that the total cost would not be noticed. The safety razor and and blade combination filled the bill perfectly

Despite the grumblings of the older generation who claimed that the cut-throats would cost less in the long run, gave a better shave, and could be kept sharp practically forever by honing and stropping, the new-fangled safeties soon replaced them

The next two developments in razors were both the brain-children of a US Army Colonel named Jacob Schick. In 1925, Schick invented the magazine repeating razor which allows you to change blades without touching them But Schick's major invention, which he made three years later, was that of the electric razor These machines have helped change the shaving habits of a good part of the world as over 66 million of them have been sold since Schick first put his brand on the market in 1930

But back to beards Their last splurge of popularity came in Victorian times In 1859, one English city ordered all of its policemen to wear a facial growth in order to make them look fiercer And many an Army general not only felt that beards helped their soldiers to look fiercer, but made them feel fiercer and therefore be fiercer

But as Victoria's long reign came to a close beards became replaced by mustaches even in the Army And after the end of World War I, clean shaveness was the order of the day both in England and in America

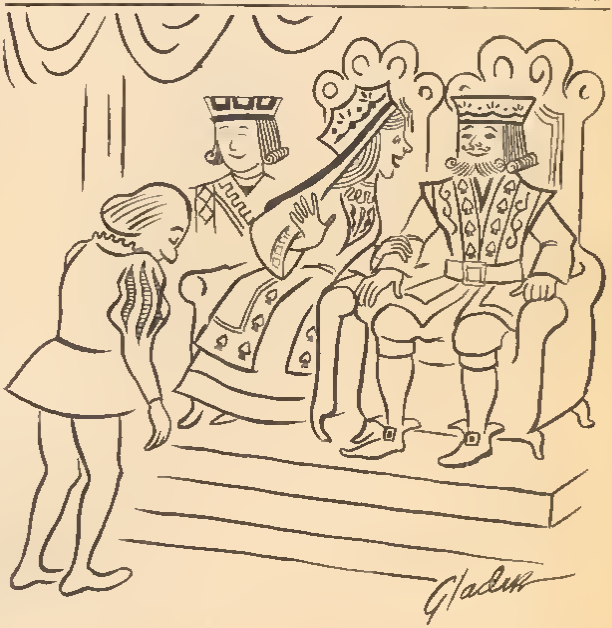
Will there be a resurgance of the beard? It is possible Now that women are wearing slacks, engaging in athletics and becoming powers in business and politics, many a man will agree with my friend and grow a beard simply to affirm his own masculinity This could well be the reason for the popularity of such bearded idols as Peter Ustinov and Commander Whitehead

At the same time, young intellectual males, including the leaders of the beat set, are wearing beards to prove their emancipation from middle class society

One thing we can learn from the past is that beards are a matter of fashion The very fact that they are out of fashion now is a good indication that they will be coming back into fashion one of these days

But when? That, no one can tell It could be five years, ten or even fifty And until they do, the majority of us will keep going along with the crowd We may look wistfully at a Ustinov or a Whitehead, but each morning before we go to work we'll glance at the day old growth on our faces, wet our safety razors, and lather up

# # #

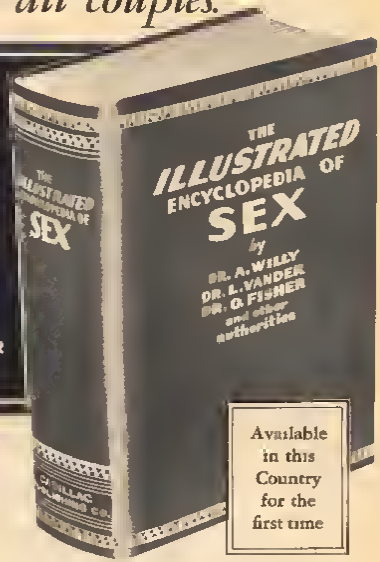


"How touching He wants permission to use our likenesses on a parlor game he's invented!"

at last...a complete, modern guide to lasting mutual sexual happiness for all couples.

Illustrated SEX FACTS

By DR. A. WILLY, DR. L. VANDER, DR. O. FISHER AND OTHER AUTHORITIES



Available in this Country for the first time

THIS GIANT SIZE BOOK CONTAINS HUNDREDS OF AUTHENTIC, ENLIGHTENING ILLUSTRATIONS — *many in life-like color.*

Now available to the public in this country, for the first time, is this big guide to modern married sex practice. Written and illustrated by the most noted physicians and medical artists on sexual enlightenment. See and read how you can acquire enduring, harmonious married love by means of hundreds of exclusive, authentic pictures (many in true-to-life color), plus detailed step-by-step instructions written frankly and simply. This complete, large book includes important NEW information and illustrations never released here before. This book is a frank, straightforward presentation of facts to satisfy mature interest in the sex functions of the human male and female. Gives the most helpful authoritative guidance on sex problems of every kind — both abnormal as well as normal. Clearly understand and see the physiology and functions of the sex organs of both male and female. Many troubled men and women have found a new, happy married sex life and new confidence in themselves by reading "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex." Sells for $5.00—but it is yours for the amazing low friend-winning price of only $2.98. This offer good for a limited time only. Mail coupon NOW!

PARTIAL LIST OF 61 BIG CHAPTERS EACH A "BOOK" IN ITSELF

- Techniques that bring complete gratification to the sex act for male and female
- What causes climax in women
- Blunders made by men in sex act. How to avoid them
- Technique of first sex act on bridal night
- Why woman fails to attain climax
- Husband and wife attaining mutual climax
- How male organs function in intercourse
- How female sex organs function in intercourse
- How sexual urge in women differs from men
- Women's perfect complete sexual satisfaction
- How to derive perfection in sexual act
- Reactions of man and woman during sexual relations compared
- The truth about sex vitamins that improve sexual powers
- Natural birth control
- New discoveries in birth control
- Woman's fertile days
- Causes of sex drive in women
- Female frigidity, its causes and cures
- Causes and cures for sexual impotence in men
- Abnormal sex organs and what can be done
- How to correct male's premature climax
- Delaying sex life's finish
- Male change of life and its effect
- Causes and treatment of male and female sterility
- Feminine self-satisfaction
- Causes of sexual urge in men
- How sex activity affects weight of male and female
- How to use preparatory love towards greater satisfaction in sex act

Just a few of hundreds of frank, enlightening illustrated instructions!

PARTIAL LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS WITH AUTHENTIC COLOR PICTURES!

- Male Sex Organs
- Showing functions of male sex organ
- Illustrating effects on breasts after pregnancy
- Showing areas of women's organs producing highest sensations
- Watch step-by-step growth of child in pregnancy
- Complete Color Picture Story of Women's Sex Organs
- Pictorial Story of Women's "SAFE" days
- Picture Story of Cause of Sterility in women
- Cross Section of the Hymen in various stages
- Cross Section Showing Cause of Women's sexual ills
- Picture Story of normal Sexuality in male
- Picture Story of Woman's Sensation Curve
- Picture Story of most important cause of impotence
- Two Inserts of Female Bodies showing how pregnancy takes place

plus many more pictured instructions

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

CADILLAC PUBLISHING CO., Dept. F851
220 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York

Send me "The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Sex" in plain wrapper marked personal." I will pay postman $2.98, plus postage on delivery (sells for $5.00). If not completely delighted within 10 days, I can return book and my money will be refunded. I am over 21.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

☐ Check here if you wish to save postage, by enclosing with coupon only $2.98. Same Money Back Guarantee!
(CANADIAN ORDERS $3.50 NO COD's)

GETTING BALD? MEN - WOMEN - CHILDREN - LOSING YOUR HAIR?

DOCTOR'S AMAZING MEDICAL DISCOVERY SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD SINCE 1945

STOP LOSING YOUR HAIR — DAND-R-X YOUR HAIR & SCALP.

Only $5.00 Protects Your Hair & Scalp

DOES YOUR SCALP ITCH? DO YOU SCRATCH YOUR SCALP? DO YOU HAVE DANDRUFF? THESE ARE THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF AN UNHEALTHY SCALP. BEAUTIFUL HAIR BEGINS WITH A HEALTHY SCALP. DAND-R-X, A DOCTOR'S AMAZING MEDICAL DISCOVERY IS WHAT YOU NEED.

DAND-R-X WILL IMPROVE THE CONDITION OF YOUR SCALP AND PROBABLY INCREASE THE LIFE EXPECTANCY OF YOUR HAIR.

DAND-R-X EFFECTIVELY DESTROYS THE PARASITIC GERM ORGANISM (SEBHORREIC DERMATITIS) and ASSOCIATED DANDRUFF WHICH IS ASSOCIATED WITH RETARDING THE NORMAL GROWTH OF HAIR.

SAVE YOUR HAIR AND SCALP, IT'S THE ONLY ONE YOU HAVE.

AFTER ONE OR TWO APPLICATIONS OF DAND-R-X, YOU WILL NOTICE THE IMPROVED CONDITION IN YOUR SCALP AND HAIR.

One Jar of DAND-R-X Plus One Jar of Health Aids Shampoo Both for only $5.00

CLINICALLY TESTED and GUARANTEED

DOCTOR'S AMAZING DISCOVERY FOR HAIR AND SCALP. (Aid to improve condition of scalp and hair growth). Why spend hundreds of dollars and time visiting fancy offices for treatment? This doctor's amazing discovery may be used in the PRIVACY OF YOUR HOME — IN A FEW MINUTES — ONLY ONCE A WEEK — made from a SPECIALISTS PRESCRIPTION. Results may very from individual to individual (as with any remedy) because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions. It has been HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL in stopping further loss of hair, due to the most common cause sabhorraic dermatitis and associated dandruff. Dendruff scale relief and improved condition of the scalp. Baldness won't wait! Order Now! GUARANTEED REFUND if you are not delighted with results. Enclose $5.00 with your order and save C.O.D. fee and postage or pay C.O.D. fee and postage plus $5.00 to postmen on delivery to you.

DON'T WAIT - ORDER NOW

DAND-R-X FOR HEALTHY HAIR & SCALP

HEALTH AIDS CO. DEPT. 12-A
BOX 1, RUGBY STATION
BROOKLYN 3, NEW YORK

☐ Send 1 Jar of OANO-R-X and 1 Jar of Health Aids Shampoo. BOTH for Only $5.00 plus C.O.D. and postage 60¢.

☐ I want to save 60¢ so I enclose $5.00 for BOTH 1 Jar of DAND-R-X plus 1 Jar of Health Aids Shampoo.

Name

Address

City Zone State

A Money-Making Opportunity

for Men of Character

EXCLUSIVE FRANCHISE FOR

AN INVENTION EXPECTED TO REPLACE A MULTI-MILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY

Costly Work Formerly "Sent Out" by Business Men Now Done by Themselves at a Fraction of the Expense

This is a call for men everywhere to handle exclusive agency for one of the most unique business inventions of the day.

Sixty years ago the horse and buggy business was supreme—today almost extinct Sixty years ago the hand laundry washtub industry ran into many millions—today practically a relic Only a comparatively few foresighted men saw the fortunes ahead in the automobile and the washing machine Yet irresistible waves of public buying swept these men to fortune, and sent the buggy and the washtub into the discard So are great successes made by men able to detect the shift in public favor from one industry to another

Now another change is taking place. An old established industry—an integral and important part of the nation's structure—in which millions of dollars change hands every year—is in thousandfold cases being replaced by a truly astonishing simplification which does the work better—more thinly—AND AT A COST OFTEN AS LOW AS 2% OF WHAT IS ORDINARILY PAID! It has not required very long for men who have taken over the rights to this valuable invention to do a remarkable business, and show exceptional earnings

Not a "Gadget"— Not a "Knick-Knack"—

but a valuable, proved device which has been sold successfully by business novices as well as seasoned veterans.

Make no mistake—this is no novelty—no flimsy creation which the inventor hopes to put on the market You probably have seen nothing like it yet—perhaps never dreamed of the phenomenal possibilities of a device—yet it has already been used by corporations of outstanding prominence—by dealers of great corporations—by chain branches—by directors newspapers, publishers—schools—hospitals etc., and by thousands of small business men You don't have to convince a man that he should use an electric bulb to light his office instead of a gas lamp Nor do you have to sell the same business man the idea that some day he may need something like this invention The need is already there—the money is usually being spent right in that very moment—and the desirability of saving the greatest part of this expense is obvious immediately

Some of the Savings You Can Show

You walk into an office and put down before your prospect a letter from a sales organization showing that they did work in their own office for $11 which formerly could have cost them over $200 A building supply corporation pays one man $70 whereas this bill could have been for $1,600! An automobile dealer pays one representative $35 whereas the expense could have been over $1,000. A department store has expense of $88.60 possibly cost if done outside the business being well over $2,000 And so on. We could not possibly list all cases here Those are just a few of the many actual cases which we place in your hands to work with Practically every line of business and every section of the country is represented by these field reports which hammer across dazzling, convincing money-saving opportunities which hardly any business man can fail to understand

Profits Typical of the Young, Growing Industry

Going into this business is not like selling something offered in every grocery, drug or department store For instance when you take a $30 order your minimum share is $20 On $1,500 worth of business you share can be $1,000.00 The very least you get as your part of every dollar's worth of business you do is 67 cents—on ten dollars worth $6.70 on a hundred dollars worth $67.00 —no other wouldn't two-thirds of every order you get in yours Not only on the first order—but on repeat orders —and you have the opportunity of earning an even larger percentage

This Business Has Nothing to Do With House to House Canvassing

Nor do you have to know anything about high-pressure selling Selling is unnecessary in the ordinary sense of the word Instead of hammering away at the customer and trying to force a sale you make a dignified, business-like call, leave the installation—whatever size the customer says he will accept—at our risk let the customer sell himself after the device is in and working This does away with the need for pressure on the customer—it eliminates the handicap of trying to get the money before the customer has fully convinced himself 100% You simply tell what you offer showing proof of success in that customer's particular line of business. Then leave the invention without a dollar down It starts working at once In a few short days the installation should actually produce enough cash money to pay for the deal, with profits above the investment coming in at the same time You then call back collect your money Nothing is so convincing as one offer to let results speak for themselves without risk to the customer! While others fail to get even a hearing one man are making sales running into the hundreds They have received the attention of the largest firms in the country, and sold to the smallest businesses by the thousands.

EARNINGS

Exceptional earnings crossed show the possibilities attainable in this business A Louisiana man wrote "My average earnings past 3 years about $150 a week; last 3 months as much as $250 weekly Ohio man's report "A business man said to me, 'This thing has caught the whole city on fire.' For the first 30 days I worked, I earned $1343.00" A Tennessee man "Last year, my average built up to $200 a week by December, but my earnings January reached $1,000 net" Space does not permit mentioning here more than these few random cases However, they are sufficient to indicate that the worth-while future in this business is coupled with immediate earnings for the right kind of man Some of our top men have made over a thousand sales each on which they earned up to $60 per sale and more. Many of these sales were repeat business Yet they had never done anything like this before coming to us That is the kind of opportunity this business offers The fact that this business has attracted to it such business men as former bankers, executives of businesses—men who demand only the highest type of opportunity and income—gives a fairly good picture of the kind of business this is Our door is open, however, to the young man looking for the right field in which to make his start and develop his future

No Money Need Be Risked

in trying this business out. You can examine this possibility and not be out a dollar *If you are looking for a business that is not overcrowded*—a business that is just coming into its own—on the upgrade instead of on downgrade—a business that offers the buyer relief from a burdensome, but unavoidable expense—a business that has a prospect practically in every office, store or factory into which you can set foot—regardless of size—*that is a necessity* but does not have any price cutting to contend with as other necessities do—that because you control this sales to exclusive territory is your own business—*that pays more on some individual sales than many men make in a week and sometimes on a month's time*—if much a business looks as if it is worth investigating *get in touch with us at once* for the rights in your territory—don't delay—because the chances are that if you do wait someone else will have written to us in the meantime—and if it turns out that you were the better man—we'd both be sorry So for convenience *use the coupon below*—but send it right away—or write if you wish But do it now *Address*

F E ARMSTRONG
Dept **6118C** Mobile, Ala.

RUSH FOR EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY PROPOSITION

F E ARMSTRONG Dept. 6118 C Mobile Alabama

Without obligation to me send me full information on your proposition.

Name .....

Street or Route .....

Box No. .....

City .....

State .....